The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

The death of Mr. Swinburne removes from us one of the very greatest of English lyrists, and indeed one of the most consummate lyrists of all time. Mr. Swinburne had completed his seventy-second year, but till very near the end he retained his characteristic youthfulness of aspect and spirit. There was no dimming of his magnificent powers, and his last work in poetry and in criticism is on a level with his best. He died apparently without pain and with a smile upon his face. Next month we propose to devote a Special Number to the commemoration and record of his genius and his work, thus dealing with him more adequately than is possible at the present moment.

News Notes.

Much has been written of Miss Marie Corelli—more, perhaps, than of any other living author, for no novelist of our day has so vast a following or has taken such strong hold upon the admiration and affection of the reading public; but most of such writings about her have been either irresponsible, ill-natured gossip, abuse that masqueraded as criticism, or well-meant dissertations that were more copious than informing. It is with particular pleasure, therefore, that we are able to present our readers in this issue of The Bookman with a plate portrait of Miss Corelli, and to publish what we believe is the fullest, most authentically personal and most interesting article that has yet appeared concerning the famous novelist and her work.

For some while past nonsensical rumours have been in circulation to the effect that Miss Corelli always refused to allow herself to be photographed. There has never been the smallest truth in them. Miss Corelli has been photographed quite as frequently as any other private person, for the satisfaction of her private friends. Her objection has

Photo by F. Stoddard. **Miss Emma Brooke.**

been to having her photograph sold in shops; and in this decision she remains firm. She has been painted by Ellis Roberts and Miss Donald Smith, and engravings of these portraits have been obtainable. Her dislike to having portraits of herself sold or published on postcards was, as usual, ascribed to a passion for self-advertisement; and when certain journals that affect a reputation for more courtesy published a repulsive caricature purporting to be her portrait, she went, as a matter of self-defence, to a photographer in a little street off Eccleston Square and represented herself as somebody else, asking him to take her photograph as quickly as possible.

Relating the anecdote herself in a preface to "The Treasure of Heaven," she says: "I used for the nonce the name of a lady friend, who arranged that the proofs of the portrait should be sent to her at various different addresses, and it was not till this book was on the verge of publication that I explained the real position to the courteous artist himself. That I thus elected to be photographed as an unknown rather than a known person was in order that no extra pains should be taken on my behalf, but that I should be treated just as an ordinary stranger would be treated, with no less but at the same time certainly no more care." This portrait, taken by Mr. Gabell when he was entirely unaware of his sitter's identity, is the one that now appears in our pages and is reproduced also as our presentation plate.

Since the publication of "The Story of Hauksgarth Farm," Miss Emma Brooke has begun the writing of a new novel in which she returns again to the North of England, rather for types of character than for descriptions of scenery; but she is laying this aside for the moment to work upon a tale of a different kind, which deals with a far country, and has laid stronger hold upon her imagination.

Miss Brooke lives a quiet, regular, inconspicuous, uneventful life at Kensington. It takes her about eighteen months to write a novel, and before beginning she likes to permeate herself as much as possible with the "feel" of the district in which her plot is laid. But this permeation does not occur merely through the fact of living in the place; for example, "I do not believe," says Miss Brooke, "I could write a novel dealing exclusively with London, though I have lived here for over twenty-five years. My mind seems always to be in the country, and the pictures which suddenly spring into it and give rise to the first idea of a story are not in cities. In the same way the eye of my imagination can see and appreciate certain far-away parts of the earth where I have never been, with enough understanding to enable me to write about them as though I were familiar with them. This is because I seem to myself actually

Photo by W. Herbert Lanyon **Mr. Charles Marriott.**

to get at the 'feel' of the places. I can write with the feel of the place thrilling me with as much apparent strength as if I had really been there."

"The Intruding Angel" is the title of a new novel that Mr. Charles Marriott will have ready for publication this autumn. He is by the way, leaving St. Ives in June to settle in London—probably at Brook Green.

Mr. George Somes Layard is best known for his biographies of Charles Keene, Mrs. Lynn Lynton, and Shirley Brooks. He was educated, or, as he prefers to have it, "inducated," at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge; chose the Bar as his profession, and was duly "called"; but his ambition had always been towards literature, and whilst he was waiting for briefs he contributed largely to the magazines and reviews, thus, as he is fond of saying, giving himself at the expense of his readers the education which Harrow and Cambridge failed to give him at the expense of his father. In writing "Wax," which we review elsewhere, Mr. Layard was but returning to his early love; he has written much excellent fiction in the past, and it is an open secret that for a long period he was one of *Truth's* most valued writers of the popular "Queer Stories." Having returned to his early love Mr. Layard seems inclined to be faithful, for he is busy on another novel with which he has already made considerable progress.

Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. are publishing immediately "Francia's Masterpiece," by Montgomery Carmichael. The book is a new and notable departure in the interpretation of Religious Pictures, and should prove of especial interest to all who are concerned about the significance and *raison d'être* of the great altar-pieces of the late *quattro-* and early *cinque-cento*. Mr. Carmichael is at present engaged on a larger and exhaustive work on the same subject.

Mr. G. Sidney Paternoster, whose new novel, "The Hand of the Spoiler," is meeting with a very favourable reception, has been for eighteen years connected with the editorial staff of *Truth*, and seeing that he is largely responsible for conducting the inquiries and getting together the material for the "*Truth* Cautionary List," which gives you all the warning you ought to need against the wiles of begging-letter writers, "bucket-shop" keepers, money-lending and gambling touts and every other variety of trickster, he has not lacked opportunity of acquiring a knowledge of certain sides of life that as a novelist he has turned to good account.

Mr. G. Sidney Paternoster.

"The Great Gift," a novel that Mr. Paternoster now has well under way, is a departure both from the frank sensationalism of "The Hand of the Spoiler" and the grim realism of his "Gutter Tragedies." It is the story of a successful man, a clean, honest captain of industry, who has won his way from the gutter to the Cabinet, and who finds himself in the forties very much alone and amid all the gifts of fortune denied the great gift of all. Naturally, the background of the book is political, an inside view of present-day politics being presented, but the chief and engrossing interest of the story is of course the bestowal at last of the great gift.

In reviewing "An Incomplete Etonian," by Frank Danby (Mrs. Julia Frankau), several of the critics have been making guesses at the identities of the characters and attributing motives to the author as an individual. Mrs. Frankau thinks, and we agree with her, that this sort of thing is scarcely fair criticism, especially when the guesses are both inaccurate and unessential. Having put two years of work into the book, she confesses she would sooner see the critics criticising it instead of treating it as if it were a sort of variant of the missing-word competition, and giving their minds to guessing at the originals of its characters and finding hidden meanings where they do not exist.

Miss Louise Mack.

Whose new novel, "The Red Rose of a Summer," Messrs. Alston Rivers are publishing this month.

If you say much about Edgar Allan Poe without first consulting Mr. John H. Ingram or his books, the chances are that you will say something inaccurate. "I am surprised," writes Mr Ingram, commenting on the note we printed last month from Mr. Whitty, "that so experienced a student of Poe's writings as Mr. J. H. Whitty, of Richmond, Virginia, should state that Edgar Poe's remarks on Goethe's 'Sorrows of Werter' have been 'overlooked by all his biographers.' If he will refer to vol. iii. p. 477 of my edition of 'The Works of E. A. Poe' (Black, Edinburgh), he will find the criticism in question.

We have many sensational novelists, but not many who rise above the average, and those who read Mr. David Whitelaw's first novel, "The Gang," recognised him as one of the few, and will therefore look with interest for another story of his, "Moon of Valleys," which Messrs. Greening are publishing this month. One may best describe it, perhaps, as a sensational extravaganza; it deals with the tribulations of a dissolute little actor who is haled away from his beloved Strand to take an unwilling part in a search for the great emerald of the Mogul Emperors—the name of the stone giving the title to the book.

Mr. Whitelaw, who is still on the better side of thirty, is assistant-editor of the *Story-Teller* and the *New Magazine*, for which, and for other of the Cassell publications, he designs the covers and posters. He has, moreover, designed cloth bindings for some twenty prominent English and Scotch publishers, and has produced a particularly effective one for his own "Moon of Valleys." He was born, as one may say, into an atmosphere of art and books; his grandfather and father in succession were managers of the famous firm of Eyre & Spottiswoode, while his great-grandfather, James Baynes (a pupil of Romney and a friend of Turner), is well known to students of English water-colour art of a century ago.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

To his many readers, as to his many friends, the death of Francis Marion Crawford has come with all the force of a personal loss. In his work, as in his life, Marion Crawford had the faculty of endearing himself to all who came in contact with him. He possessed in a high degree the faculty of taking the public into his confidence with much of that rare personal charm with which he would tell an anecdote to his most intimate friends.

The predominant note of Crawford's life, as of his work, is his unfailing kindliness. An instance of this occurred last year. As one of his old-world novels was running serially, an Oriental patronymic, which the author had innocently taken from an American source, was objected to by a gentleman possessing the same name, who is alive to-day. Although to make the change of name and nationality put Marion Crawford to a large amount of trouble, he did not hesitate to do both, rather

From a woodcut by Mr. Gordon Craig. **Mr. David Whitelaw.**

than give pain. Like the courteous gentleman he was, he sacrificed his artistry to spare the feelings of others.

The case further illustrates Crawford's amazing gift for tongues. The name in question had become modernised in its American form, but Crawford in his story restored it to its old and correct etymology, proving more Oriental than the Orientals themselves. I doubt whether any living author was so great a linguist as Marion Crawford. He knew Italian of every period and practically in all its dialects, but as Italian born—at the Baths of Lucca—that was not to be greatly wondered at. His knowledge of colloquial French was also a matter of course, for although he spent his boyhood in Rome he learnt all his lessons in French. But Crawford knew Spanish, Swedish, and more or less Russian, Turkish, and Portuguese. He was no mean Sanskrit scholar; while he served his apprenticeship as a journalist in India he mastered Hindustani and learnt to read and write Urdu, and a much more rare accomplishment was that he could write and speak Latin.

Italian archæology possessed, indeed, an irresistible fascination for him—for modern Italy he cared little—and one of the projects upon which he was engaged, and which one hopes may have reached completion, was a study of the struggles of the Black and White factions of the Guelphs with the Ghibellines in Florence, Siena, Pisa, Ravenna, and Pesaro at the end of the thirteenth century. All the personages in this creation (which deals with Dante's youth) were to be historical, and one feels that no one but Marion Crawford could deal effectively with such a theme.

One of the strongest stories that Marion Crawford will leave behind him is "The White Sister," which is due for publication in a few days. The story varies somewhat from the dramatised version, in which love and duty, the struggle between the nun and her lover, are so tragically treated. But if the story has less of tragedy than the drama, it is told with all Marion Crawford's dexterity of touch and cannot fail to add to the number of his admirers.

Much could be said of Marion Crawford's lovely home at Sant' Agnello di Sorrento, and of his delightful retreat at the end of an upper terrace where, secure from interruption, he wrote in summer days, to the accompaniment of the musical flow of a beautiful little fountain, itself a rare bit of bronze in the form of a head and conch shell.

Himself a master mariner, his schooner-yacht *Aida* was one of the most familiar vessels in every port of the Mediterranean. But while yachting he never failed, he once told the writer, to perform

Photo by Messrs. Thomson, 141, New Bond Street, W. **Mr. F. Marion Crawford.**

his allotted task, devoting so many hours a day to his literary labours with never-failing regularity. Those who are inclined to criticise his output should at least do him the credit to recognise that this was due primarily to those systematic habits in which he had schooled himelf. He at least possessed that "infinite capacity for taking pains" which is said to be the test of genius. It is another proof of the magnetism of the man that even the fishermen of the Calabrian coast—who are not, if half one hears be true, very amiable characters, to say the least—one and all had a most touching affection for Marion Crawford, and will long mourn his loss. To a man of his innate modesty this will be his noblest epitaph. W. M. C.

For permission to reproduce certain of the illustrations in this number our thanks are due to Mr. Werner Laurie, Messrs. Duckworth, Messrs. Pitman, Messrs. Chapman & Hall, and Messrs. Methuen.

OUR AMERICAN LETTER.

NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1909.

DESPITE the fact that the past three weeks have, according to the mournful words of a publisher to whom I talked this morning, been quite the worst from the trade standpoint of anything America has known in a long time, the United States is as a rule a land of big book sales. I am told that the more enterprising of American publishers call a novel a dead failure if it does not sell to the extent of twenty thousand copies, and even if this is something of an exaggeration, it is certainly the case that sales which abundantly satisfy English publishers and authors would seem very small indeed to their American *confrères*.

There are all sorts of reasons for this difference between England and America. For example, Americans do not patronise libraries to anywhere near the extent that is common in England. For another thing, American publishers and booksellers are remarkable in that they apply the same ingenuity and audacity to book advertising that it is customary to use in the selling of soap and breakfast foods. Where the English publisher inserts in the newspaper a genteel announcement to the effect that "So and So is Mr. Such and Such's finest book, and is really a remarkable story," the American publisher charters a full page in a popular daily, and prints upside down in the middle of it, something well near as striking as this:

"YOU ARE A LIAR
if you deny 'So and So'
is the finest Novel
Ever Printed!"

Needless to say, the American method is the one that attracts both attention and dollars. But it is not alone in newspaper advertising that the American shows his ingenuity in securing publicity for books. There is no limit to his inventiveness, and no chance for catching purchasers is allowed to slip by him. To run through only a few advertising expedients (which, were they not attended by such great commercial success, would certainly seem ridiculous), there is, for example, the scheme invented by the publishers of Gaston Le Roux's last story, "The Perfume of the Lady in Black." This scheme consists in the perfuming of every copy of the book with an almost overpowering fragrance. So strong is this odour that one may handle the book at a shop with gloves on, go back through the air of the streets to one's home, take off the gloves and find one's fingers still smelling strongly. Again, an interesting and ingenious plan for attracting attention to Mr. H. G. Wells's "Tono-Bungay," which—as we all know—had its title founded on the name of a patent medicine, was the offer made to any person in the trade who bought a certain number of copies of a bottle marked "Tono-Bungay," but containing instead a concoction even more certain to make a general appeal.

Window display in booksellers' shops has attained in this country almost to the theatrical. For example, a new detective story, the scene of which is laid in a sleeping car, is being advertised just now by a *mise-en-scène* which presents a life-size and lifelike imitation of a section of an American *wagon-lit*. In another bookshop window there is to be seen, I believe, a representation of wireless telegraph apparatus at work—this to attract attention to a new story by Arthur Stringer, the popular author who has made such delightful fictional use of the telegraph.

Apropos of Mr. Stringer, by the way, I am reminded of a story I heard the other day. Like "the flowers that bloom in the spring" it has no intimate connection with the matter in hand, and I repeat it merely for its intrinsic interest.

It seems that Uncle Sam, to atone to his citizens for having to put up with one of the slowest postal services in the civilised world, offers them an extra service called "Special Delivery." By placing a "Special Delivery" stamp on a letter one secures for it the privilege of hasty—or at any rate less leisurely—delivery. However, these stamps are only used in cases of special urgency, since they cost ten cents each. In the case of letters posted in New York and so stamped, one may reasonably hope, if the addressee lives also in the city limits, to have the letter in his hands inside of three hours! However, it is neither patriotic nor suitable for me to include in this Letter a criticism of the Post Office of my fatherland, so, after mentioning the fact that a special delivery stamp is blue and pictures a running messenger boy, I will pass on to the incident which suggested these stamps to my mind.

It appears that Mr. Arthur Stringer was stopping recently in a little town in the backwoods. There was not any regular postal service there, and his letters were fetched from several miles distance by his "hired man." One day Mr. Stringer chanced to go himself to the post office and received his letters in person from the hands of the dignitary who presided over the mails and the local stores. From a secret hiding-place this person also produced another letter.

"I've been keeping this for several days now," said he, "till I could see you yourself, Mr. Stringer. You see, my boy he collects postage stamps, and I thought you wouldn't mind letting him have this one for his collection. It's a very funny stamp; I never saw one like it: it's blue, and it's got a picture on it of a little boy running."

The envelope, so the story goes on, contained a set of particularly important proofs, for whose return Mr. Stringer had for days past been receiving ardent telegraphed demands.

It is a question to which I have never heard a definite answer, whether the church or the college is the more prolific nursing-ground for authors—that is to say, whether the number of clergymen who turn writers is greater or less than the number of schoolmasters who are infected by the literary germ. At any rate, I do not suppose there is much doubt that from these two professions more writers come than from all the rest besides.

Amongst Americans, Cyrus Townsend Brady is one of the best known writing clergymen. He was an army chaplain in what was very likely the last romantic war the world will ever see—I mean that between Spain and the United States—and is now in charge of

a church in Ohio. In England, as here, Mr. Brady's novels are well known. The last to appear in London, I understand, was called over there "Little France," though here it passed by the name of "The Quiberon Touch." For his next book, to appear in the autumn, Mr. Brady has a plot which is certainly original and highly piquant. I have lately had a letter from him written while he was in Kansas City (which, according to America's misleading habit, is in Missouri, and not, as might have been supposed, in the State of Kansas). In this letter Mr. Brady describes his book, "The Island of Regeneration" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), as follows:

"A highly specialised product of modern female education, and one with a past, is landed on a desert island tenanted solely by a white man who was tossed upon this island as a baby, and who knows nothing whatever of life, save what the woman may teach him. The Kinneys have gone to the Tropics to prepare illustrations in colour for this book, and it will probably be the most important work from my pen."

Besides this, Mr. Brady is writing a volume in a series of boys' books which he has done under the title of "Boys of the Service Series" (Scribner). The present book will deal with the adventures of a little midshipman in that famous American Civil War battle between the *Alabama* and the *Kearsarge*.

Magazines on the news-stands of New York are as the sands on the sea-shore—for I think there is no denying that both in numbers and in quality of periodical literature America leads the world—and now, if the plans of the Simplified Spelling Board are carried out, we shall have still another new periodical. This is to be a magazine all about the new movement, whose devotees, it is said, now number some thirty thousand. The magazine is to deal with the interests of the spelling reformers, and will also contain a certain amount of general matter. In these days it seems impossible for educated human beings adequately to express their enthusiasm on any subject without bursting out into the issuing of a magazine. Indeed, it is only remarkable that the Simplified Spellers have not started a magazine long ago, for they have been for some time strong both in numbers and enthusiasm.

A few days ago there was held the annual gathering of these folk in New York, at which many people of note were present. Mr. William Archer, by the way, who is a leader amongst Simplified Spellers, and also one of the most popular of the English non-fiction writers with Americans, is just now in this country.

Mr. Hamlin Garland is another victim to the vice which is steadily depopulating America of her novelists: I mean the vice of playwrighting. Mr. Garland, so he tells me, is at work on two plays, one based on his novel "The Mountain Lover," the other based on another of his stories called "The Captain of the Grey Horse Troop."

The latest step in the picturesque career of Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is his association with a form of dramatic enterprise new to Americans. This is the production of Greek tragedy with music. Mr. Le Gallienne's version of "Orestes" will be the play chosen; for this Mr. Damrosch and a big orchestra will provide the musical setting, while the popular American, William Faversham, will be the chief actor. Mr. Le Gallienne in this country has had a chequered career in so far as literary popularity is concerned, as indeed, have many people who attain fame in the United States. Americans distribute laurel wreaths with a profusion of generosity, but it is scarcely necessary to point out the fact that American laurel is of the sort that fades readily. In England, on the other hand, the laurel crown is harder to get and far easier to keep.

GALBRAITH.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

May 1 to June 1, 1909.

Messrs. A. & C. Black.

BESANT, SIR WALTER.—London in the Nineteenth Century. 30s. net.
BRADLEY, A. G.—Worcestershire. Painted by Thomas Tyndale. 20s. net.
KIRKUP, THOMAS.—A History of Socialism. 4th Edition. 7s. 6d. net.
SCOTT, ALEXANDER, F.R.S.—An Introduction to Chemical Theory. 2nd Edition. 5s.

Cambridge University Press.

BATESON, W.—Mendel's Principles of Heredity. 12s. net.
MONRO, C. H. (translated by).—The Digest of Justinian. Vol. II. 12s. net.
NOVATIAN.—De Trinitate Liber. Edited by W. Yorke Fausset. 6s. net.
THACKERAY, H. ST. JOHN.—A Grammar of the Old Testament in Greek according to the Septuagint. Vol. I. Introduction, Orthography, and Accidence.
Darwin and Modern Science. Essays in commemoration of the Centenary of the Birth of Charles Darwin, and of the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of "The Origin of Species." Edited by Prof. A. C. Seward. 18s. net.

Messrs. Cassell & Co.

DEEPING, WARWICK.—The Red Saint. 6s.
KINROSS, ALBERT.—The Lovebrokers. 6s.
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Daphne; or Marriage à la Mode. 6s.
YOUNG, MARGARET.—The Wreathed Dagger. 6s.
Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture. Paper, 3s. net; cloth, 5s. net; also in 5 Parts, 7d. net each.

Messrs. Chapman & Hall, Ltd.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, M.—French Vignettes. 10s. 6d. net.
BULLEN, FRANK T.—Beyond. 6s.
HAMILTON, CICELY.—Marriage as a Trade. 6s.
MACMAHON, ELLA.—Fancy O'Brien. 6s.
MURRAY, HENRY.—A Stepson of Fortune. 10s. 6d. net.
SINCLAIR, ARCHDEACON.—Memorials of St. Paul's Cathedral. 16s. net.
TURNER, REGINALD.—Samson Unshorn. 6s.

Messrs. Chatto & Windus.

MOUVATSKY, J. P.—The Russian Bastille (Schluesselburg). Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. 7s. 6d. net.
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—Essays of Travel. St. Martin's Library edition. Cloth, 2s. net; leather, 3s. net.

The Clarendon Press.

LISTER, BARON JOSEPH.—Collected Papers. 2 vols. £2 2s. net. (First vol. only.)
MACAULIFFE, M. A.—The Sikh Religion: Its Forms, Sacred Writings and Authors. 6 vols.
MEYER, KUNO.—Pieces of Prose and Verse in the Irish Language: in facsimile. (Rawlinson B. 502 Bodleian.)
PRICE, A. C.—Leeds and Its Neighbourhood: an illustration of English History.

Messrs. W. B. Clive & Sons.

CAVERS, PROF. F., D.Sc., F.L.S.—Botany for Matriculation. A Text-Book of Elementary Botany (Practical and Theoretical) adapted to modern methods of teaching. 5s. 6d.
GOGGIN, S. E., M.A.—Shakespeare's "Hamlet." For London University Inter. Arts, 1910, etc. 2s.
STANWELL, H. B., M.A.—Cesar's "Civil War." Book 3. For Cape of Good Hope University Matriculation, 1910. Text and Notes, 2s. 6d.; Vocabulary and Test Papers, 1s.; Translation, 1s. 6d.; all in 1 vol. 4s. 6d.

Messrs. Constable & Co., Ltd.

HALE, L. C.—The Actress. 6s.
MACLEOD, FIONA.—The Dominion of Dreams. 2s. 6d. net.
NORRIS, W. E.—The Perjurer. 6s.
RICE, LEWIS.—Mysore and Coorg. 12s. 6d. net.
SETON, E. THOMPSON.—The Biography of a Silver Fox. 5s. net.

Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co.

CROWE, J. A., and G. B. CAVALCASELLE.—New History of Painting in Italy. Edited by Edward Hutton. Vol. II. 3 vols. £3.
EDWARDES, MARIAN.—A Pocket Lexicon and Concordance to the Temple Shakespeare. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; leather, 3s.
LÜTZOW, COUNT.—The Life and Times of Master John Hus. 12s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Gay & Hancock, Ltd.

BAKER, FREDK. CHARLES.—The Meaning of Life, Based upon Psychology and Idealism. Paper, 1s. net; cloth gilt, 1s. 6d. net.
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL.—The Rime of the Ancient Mariner. Illustrated by Herbert Cole. Cloth, 1s. net; calf, 2s. net.
HOME, MAUD.—Sun and Shadow in Spain. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net.
POCOCK, ROGER.—The Frontiersman. (Popular Edition.) 1s. net.

Mr. Francis Griffiths.

BALSILLIE, D.—Is a World Religion Possible? 5s. net.
ERNST, OTTO.—Asmus Semper: the Story of a Boyhood. Translated by A. C. Caton. 6s. net.
ROBERTS, F. R.—The Proverbs of Wales. 1s. 6d. net.
VOX.—Our Coming Kings. 2s. 6d. net.
A WELL-KNOWN WRITER.—Is Death the End? Conscious Personality after Death. 3s. net.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

BEGBIE, HAROLD.—The Cage. 6s.
DICKINSON, G. A., M.D.—Your Boy: His Nature and Nurture. Illustrated. 3s. 6d.
LUBBOCK, PERCY.—Pepys. (Literary Lives.) Illustrated. 3s. 6d.
RICE, ALICE HEGAN.—Mr. Opp. Illustrated. 6s.
The New History of Methodism. Illustrated. 2 vols. 30s.
The Territorial Year Book. Illustrated. Paper, 1s.; cloth, 2s.

Messrs. Jarrold & Sons.

ANDOM, R.—We Three and Troddles. New Edition. 3s. 6d.
ANDOM, R.—The Magic Bowl and the Blue Stone Ring. 3s. 6d.
DONOVAN, H.—The Brain Side of Games, Sports and Pastimes. 1s. net.
HUME, FERGUS.—Mystery of Landy Court. New Edition. 6d.
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THE READER.

MARIE CORELLI.

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By A. St. John Adcock.

Horace. I take no knowledge that they do malign me.
Tibullus. Ay, but the world takes knowledge.—Ben Jonson, *The Poetaster.*

Virgil. Demand what cause they had to malign Horace.
Demetrius. In troth, no great cause, not I, I must confess; but that he kept better company, for the most part, than I; and that better men loved him than loved me; and that his writings thrived better than mine, and were better liked and graced; nothing else.—*Ibid.*

TWO rather important facts which professional critics are apt to overlook are that literature existed before criticism, and that a critic is not, as a matter of course, more talented than the persons who produce those works of art that he merely criticises. It is necessary to remind him, when he begins to take himself too seriously, that though it be his business to say the first word about such works, literature is not written exclusively for reviewers, and the last word must needs be said by the world at large, by the vast mass of intelligent readers who are not professional critics, but to whom all literature is primarily and finally addressed; and it is this last word that an author works for and lives by or dies by.

A curious notion seems to have fastened upon the mind of the average reviewer, and upon the minds of some reviewers who are above the average, that there are no critics except those who are in the habit of expressing their opinions in print; whereas we all know, when we think of it, that there are a thousand times as many more critics who have never written a line of criticism, but are not therefore the less cultured, impartial, competent. These critics who don't write are not infallible; but neither are those who do; and it is because we of the latter order (for I myself am one of them) have such an ineradicable bad record for misjudgments in the past that I set my face against the folly of cocksureness and the running into mad extremes, either of censure or of eulogy. Let us be reasonable and admit that our own opinion is not bound to be everybody else's, or superior to everybody else's; that even when we are most positive that our taste or judgment is perfect, we are so far human that it is just possible we may be mistaken and that the man who contradicts us has uttered the true thing.

Photo by Gabell. (Copyright.) **Miss Marie Corelli.**

The superiority of your very superior literary

Interior of the Drawing-room, Mason Croft.

person depends upon his being able to maintain that literature is not for all the world, but is a sort of exotic that can only be cultivated and appreciated in preciously select holes and corners. In the interests of this gospel—for popularity is an offence to those who cannot obtain it—no living author has been more persistently maligned and sneered at and scouted by certain sections of the Press—by the presumptuous and struttingly academic section of it particularly—than has Miss Marie Corelli; and none has won (by sheer force of her own merits, for the press has never helped her) a wider, more persistently increasing fame and affection among all classes of that intelligent public which reads and judges books, but does not write about them. "Yes," say her detractors, "she is the idol of Suburbia—the favourite of the common multitude." But whilst they were writing in that fashion about "A Romance of Two Worlds," the late Queen Victoria sent Miss Corelli a telegram of appreciation; and after one or two others of her novels had appeared and been similarly derided by critics of the hole-and-corner fraternity, it was Mr. Gladstone who called on her "because," as he said, "I was curious to see for myself the personality of a young woman who could write so courageously and well, and in whose work I recognised a power working for good, and eminently calculated to sway the thoughts of the people." The late Empress of Austria, having asked Miss Corelli for her portrait, instructed her secretary to write, in acknowledging it, "Your books have afforded Her Majesty many hours of happiness and rest. She not only admires your talent and style of writing, but also the poetical imagination with which your works overflow." On one of her last visits to England, the Empress Frederick of Germany desired Miss Corelli to go and see her at Buckingham Palace, and accorded her a private interview of nearly an hour, and it is common knowledge that she numbers the King and Queen of Italy, King Edward and Queen Alexandra among the most appreciative of her readers. Here be no "common-multitude" admirers, at all events. Moreover, as everybody knows, her books sell by the hundred thousand, and to meet the insistent demands of the public are distributed broadcast, not only through the free libraries, but through the presumably selecter circulating libraries that Society patronises. Nevertheless, her censurers are as dogged and as given over to damned iteration as Poe's Raven or Southey's old man of Blenheim, and they still babble mechanically: "She is suburban and the delight of Suburbia"; so that when you find, on making a few inquiries, that everything she has written has been translated so many times into so many varied languages and dialects, that there are some five or six hundred translations of her books selling all over the world, you

Interior of the Winter-garden, Mason Croft.

can only ask yourself, if this is suburban, which one of our novelists may be regarded as approximately cosmopolitan ?

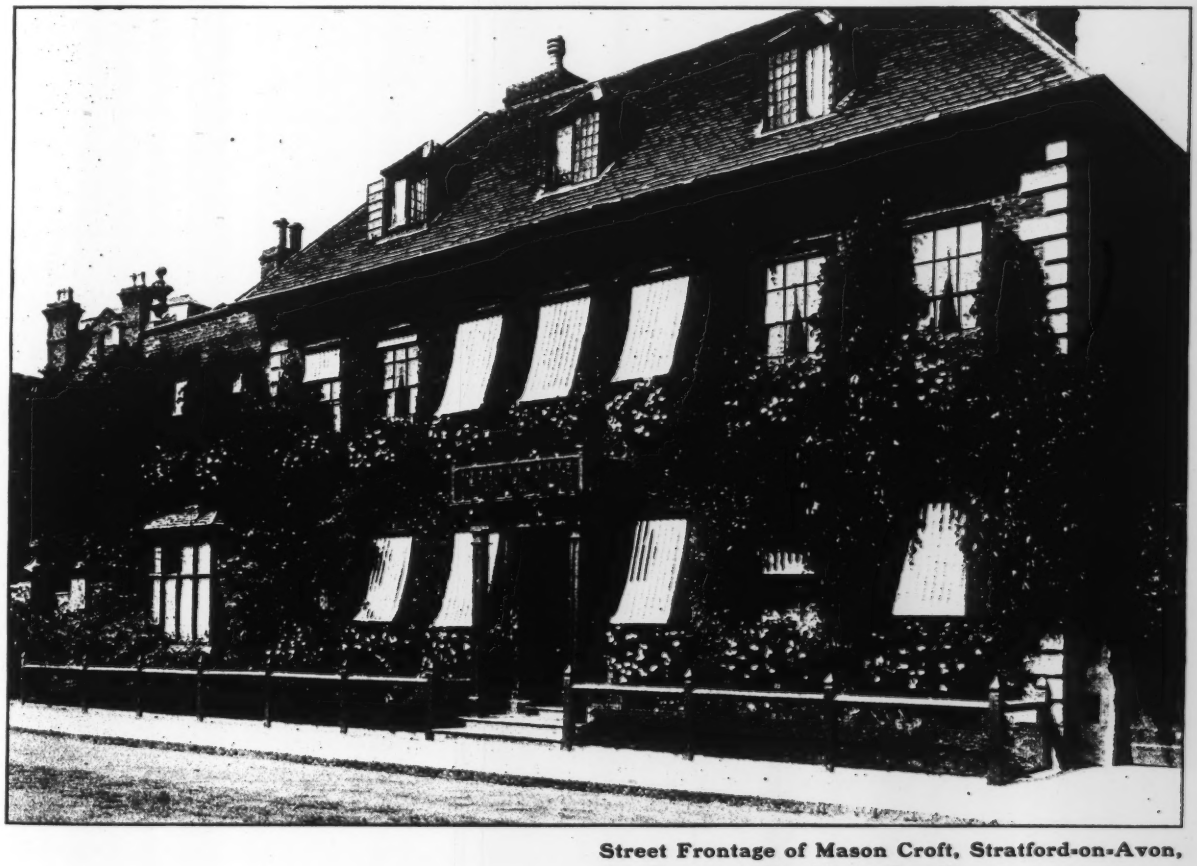
But I will return to these points presently. In the meantime, it is sufficiently obvious that the writer who can so defy her critics, give them scorn for scorn and—whole-heartedly supported by the reading world that, really, we all write for—triumph in spite of them, is not one to be lightly put by even at the bidding of the most oracular of literary Podsnaps.

(i) EARLY DAYS.

Marie Corelli was adopted when an infant by the well-known poet, Dr. Charles Mackay, whose family by his first marriage—three sons and one daughter—were by that time grown up and no longer living with their father. The three sons had married and settled abroad ; the daughter had died suddenly, and it was partly because of the void left in his affections by this death that the poet became more than ordinarily attached to the child of his adoption, who took his dead child's place. She had no playmates of her own age ; but, as an imaginative child can be, she was very happy in a dream-world with children of her dreams ; and by-and-by became Dr. Mackay's constant companion. A deep and lasting affection grew up between the poet and his adopted daughter ; he could not bear to have her out of his sight, and so, with the exception of a couple of years' schooling, she was trained at home by private governesses and masters in music and singing. She has a wonderful gift for music and possesses a voice of great power and flexibility ; she became proficient in her studies, and it had been decided that she should enter the musical profession, but circumstance or the destinies were bent upon preventing that and shaping a very different career for her.

She is, and always has been, an omnivorous reader. In those early days, her reading was to a large extent regulated by Dr. Mackay. She was not allowed to read newspapers, and he carefully selected her books for her. Before she was eleven she had read all the novels of Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and could answer any questions concerning the incidents and characters of them. She had a natural and passionate love of poetry, too, her favourite poets being Keats, Shelley, Byron, and Tennyson ; but more than all other reading she preferred the Bible and Shakespeare, and could repeat whole passages of both by heart. It was in the long walks she was accustomed to take with Dr. Mackay that she learned to love the country ; growing beyond the age for imaginary playmates, she lost all sense of her loneliness in making companions of birds and animals, made the loving study of nature one of her amusements, and acquired a wide knowledge of trees and plants, her favourite hobby to this day being her garden.

At the age of eleven, too, she began to write verses,



Street Frontage of Mason Croft, Stratford-on-Avon, the Home of Miss Marie Corelli.

The Study Tower in Spring-time, Mason Croft.

and one or two of her poems were published. One of her chief pleasures lay in the composing of little lyrics and ballads, which she would write out in printed characters and send by post to Dr. Mackay, who criticised them, affecting not to know who had sent them to him. In his time Dr. Mackay had numbered among his friends Dickens, Thackeray, Landseer, Douglas Jerrold, and many another famous in art and literature, and sitting with him of evenings in his study, his little adopted girl listened to the stories he had to tell of these giants of his prime. Recalling his anecdotes of the days when he was a guest at the celebrated breakfasts of Samuel Rogers, "I remember," says Marie Corelli with a smile, "how often I heard him quote Mr. Rogers as saying, 'It requires no particular sagacity and only a more than common fund of ill-nature to be a critic!'"

Of Dr. Mackay, indeed, Marie Corelli speaks always with the deepest affection, admiration, and gratitude. He was not satisfied to leave her to the care of governesses and tutors, but was himself the most patient, assiduous, most influential of teachers; he imbued her with his own cheerful and wise philosophy of life, and was especially careful of her training in all womanly ideals. He was a firm opposer of the Woman's Rights movement, his gospel being that the only "right" a woman had was to win love from all who knew her; he objected to "manly sports" for women, and would not tolerate the use of slang. In all things he was her confidant and adviser; naturally he was exceedingly proud of her rapidly developing talent in literature and music, and she treasures the memory of an occasion when his appreciation of her singing was conveyed to her in a verse he wrote and gave her one morning fastened to a posy of violets which he had himself gathered:

"A song is on thy lips, my love,
I know the song is mine,
But yet I'm doubtful as I hear
If 'tis not wholly thine;
I could not of myself approach
So near to the divine."

The happy, all-too-few years of close study and companionship with this beloved guardian of her childhood practically came to an end when Dr. Mackay's health failed, and a stroke of paralysis deprived him of the use of his limbs. His brain remained as clear and active almost as ever, and he was spared his sight, speech, and hearing; but, like most poets and men of letters, he had never been overburdened with riches, and now, his finances being at a low ebb, Miss Corelli found herself confronted with difficulties of which she had, until then, had no experience.

At this juncture a friend arrived to help her in the care and nursing of her guardian, and became, as it were, Dr. Mackay's second adopted daughter. This friend was Miss Bertha Vyver, daughter of the Countess Vyver, a Belgian lady of distinction, and an old friend of Dr. Mackay in the days of his prosperity. Miss Vyver came then and made her home with Miss Marie Corelli, and has remained with her ever since; she has watched the great novelist's career from its very beginning, knows what she has endured, how she has been misrepresented misunderstood, insulted, and how she has suffered, as a sensitive, artistic nature is bound to suffer, at the rough hands of "the great vulgar and the small"—knows the full story of her struggle and of her victories as only one who has been constantly by her through it all can know.

The only object these two young friends had in view in so joining forces at first was to render the venerable poet's declining years as peaceful and free from anxiety as possible, and to this end they gladly and unselfishly devoted all their time and energies. The illness of the man who had been more than a father to her prevented Miss Corelli from leaving him to continue her musical studies, and fulfil her ambition

of rising to eminence in the musical profession, and it was now that, faced by unwonted necessities, she thought of turning her taste for literature to profitable account and, essaying a first serious attempt at fiction, wrote "A Romance of Two Worlds."

Photo by Gabell. (*Copyright.*)
Miss Bertha Vyver.

(ii) MISS CORELLI'S FIRST NOVEL.

The manuscript of her first novel being sent to the offices of Bentley & Son, in Burlington Street, was promptly rejected by the firm's readers, but the comments in their reports piqued the curiosity of Mr. George Bentley and impelled him to send for the rejected MS. and read it himself, with the result that he dissented from his readers' judgments, and the story was accepted. Learning that the author was the adopted daughter of Dr. Mackay, whom he had known well aforetime, Mr. Bentley paid a personal call on the invalid poet, and was introduced to the youthful novelist, for whom he at once took a warm liking, and from that day forward he kept up an almost constant correspondence with her, his shrewd comments on men and things in the contemporary world of letters being of especial value and interest. He came to regard Miss Corelli as the prototype of what is perhaps the sweetest girl-character she has created—of "Thelma," and after the publication of that favourite novel invariably addressed her as "My dear Thelma." In one of these letters of his he writes:

> "'Genius makes its way with difficulty because the world is in the hands of two omnipotencies, the wicked and the foolish.' Who says that, dear Thelma? I do not remember. I think some Frenchman, but it is assuredly true I remember that the same writer speaks with unutterable scorn of the laugh of derision which in this world has quenched many bright spirits like that of Keats. But you have too settled a courage to yield a jot of ground to unjust criticism. You would be wrong to do so. No critic can steal your gift of imagination, the originality of which makes the public eager for your books—this is beyond him. If an author ascends to fame without attacks, I doubt the permanence of that fame. Carlyle saw nothing in Scott; Milton was almost unread till Addison pointed out the beauty of his writings. But where are Scott and Milton now? Worshipped as literary gods. Just in proportion to the spiritual vitality in an author, so is he or she difficult to overcome."

Of this same "spiritual vitality" Miss Corelli certainly has no lack; it is as a very soul and living energy breathing through all she has written, and her own theories on the nature and power of this divine quality in humanity are embodied in her first book, of which she now says, "I know that as a first attempt it is full of faults; but I wrote it from a sense of deep conviction, and I hoped the public would be kind to me."

The public was even kinder than she could have dared to hope, but the reviewers showed her no mercy from the outset. "A Romance of Two Worlds" was very little advertised; only two papers noticed it, and both reviews were unfavourable, but within twelve months it had leaped into a spontaneous and phenomenal popularity; translations of it were appearing in various foreign countries, and in England and America it was read and discussed with astonishing avidity and earnestness. Newspaper critics might be indifferent or scornful, but the larger world gave the book a very different reception. "It has deepened and strengthened my belief in and love to God," wrote one reader, "and has made the New Testament a new book to me." "You have made the next world a living thing to me," wrote another; and a third declared: "The Bible is a new book to me since your work came into my hands." Hundreds of such letters poured in upon the author from all sorts and conditions of men and women who had found light and guidance in her teaching, from one whom it had saved from suicide, and from many who appealed for further counsel and spiritual help that she did her best to supply. By what name are you going to call the innate power of mind and heart that enabled a mere girl to write what could sway so potently the intellect and emotions of her readers, if you do not call it genius?

This instant success of her first work fairly launched Marie Corelli on her literary career. She had to work hard amidst many distractions and anxieties, for the cares of a household were on her shoulders, and Dr. Mackay's illness was a long and trying one, though he bore it cheerfully. He took the keenest interest in the literary work of his adopted daughter, sharing sympathetically in all her aims and hopes, and experiencing the greatest joy in the honour that the world gave her, and that the Mr. Puffs and Mr. Sneers of Fleet Street could not take away. In one of his last letters to a friend he writes:

> "Marie Corelli sends you her best regards. She is on

The Study Tower in Summer, Mason Croft.

the high-road to permanent fame, and I shall have the satisfaction, when I die, to know that a bright future is before her if her life and health be spared. She is in excellent health now and in high spirits, and is in love with her work. This bitter weather tries me sorely, but I am well cared for."

The return home at this period of Dr. Mackay's second son by his first marriage added considerably to the young novelist's burden of responsibilities. Mr. Eric Mackay had been away for the better part of thirty years in Italy, had lost his money in two newspaper enterprises out there, and came back broken in fortune to commence life afresh at the age of fifty. All that his sister by adoption did for him in these unhappy circumstances is not to be related here. She did her best to rouse and encourage him, and it was under her inspiration that he wrote what are unquestionably the best of his poems, the "Love-Letters of a Violinist," and Miss Corelli not only published them for him at her own expense, but herself reviewed the volume under various pen-names in several periodicals, and later wrote for the edition included in the "Canterbury" series the introduction that is signed with the initials "G. D." He derived no financial benefit from his poems, and since he could not bring himself, as he said, to "undertake the drudgery of writing prose," there was nothing for it but for him to remain a somewhat burdensome member of that harassed little household which Miss Corelli was working loyally and untiringly to maintain in comfort. Neither she nor Miss Vyver had leisure or inclination for anything in the way of social enjoyments; the cares of nursing, and of breadwinning, and the management of the home kept their thoughts and hands more than sufficiently occupied.

In this atmosphere of sickness, financial stress, and domestic worry Miss Corelli wrote her next three novels — "Vendetta," "Thelma," and "Ardath," the latter of which contains, in the opinion of many, her strongest, most distinctive, and most brilliantly imaginative work. It brought her welcome messages of praise from Tennyson, from Gladstone, and from a score of men eminent in literature and art, including Sir Frederick Leighton, who shortly before his death expressed his intention of painting that splendid and powerfully realised vision of the Banquet in the Dream-City.

"I am afraid," he said to Miss Corelli jestingly, "that Alma Tadema will do it if I'm not quick about it. There is a great chance for him in the marble and roses of your wonderful scene."

In the year after the publication of "Ardath" Dr. Mackay died, and the grief of this irreparable loss with the nervous strain of so much long-continued hard work and anxiety told very seriously on Miss Corelli's health. Prostrated with sorrow, she went abroad for a time, and on returning to England fell so dangerously ill that, after many months of intense suffering, she at length had to submit to the surgeon's knife and the risks of a dangerous operation. Fortunately her recovery was swift and complete; but she was scarcely restored to health again when the death of Eric Mackay, after a brief illness with pneumonia, left her entirely alone in the world, except for the good comradeship of Miss Vyver.

During Dr. Mackay's long illness she and Miss Vyver had remained in London with him, so that the best medical attendance might be available; but now,

The old Archway and Sundial (three hundred years old), Mason Croft.

having nothing further to detain them there, and being ardent lovers of the country, they determined to find a residence in some old-world town within a two hours' journey of London, where they could have a garden, and yet be not altogether "rusticated" beyond the reach of human associations.

(iii) MISS CORELLI AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

Miss Corelli has made for herself at Stratford-on-Avon, out of what was once a neglected and forlorn-looking building, the pleasantest, prettiest house that is anywhere in the town or near it. From old deeds in her possession relating to the property, it appears that the house was originally called "Ye Crofte," and at the end of the sixteenth century it belonged to "Rychard Mason," after whose family it has since been named.

When Marie Corelli first went to live in Stratford her sole idea had been to recuperate, and to find a quiet place in which she might finish the two books she had promised to two publishers shortly before her illness. These were "The Master-Christian" and "Boy." With this intention she rented Hall's Croft for a few months, and when her tenancy there expired took the next house to it, Avon Croft, and there completed "The Master-Christian."

Thereafter, other literary work pressing hard upon her, she did not want to make a fresh move until it was all done. Avon Croft being no longer available, however, and Mason Croft being offered to her by Mr. J. C. Tregarthen, who had given up the charge of the now defunct school that had been established next door, and was desirous of disposing of his property, Miss Corelli reluctantly arranged to take it—reluctantly because the place had fallen into such an unattractive condition. She had intended making just a temporary home there, but on examining the internal structure of the house after she had taken up residence in it, she discovered it was an old and genuine timbered house of the Elizabethan period and recognised the possibilities that lay in it. The oak staircase, winding in graceful curves from the hall to the top landing, was an obvious and a fine example of Tudor workmanship; otherwise the beauty of the house was masked with disfiguring paint and whitewash, and, her interest in

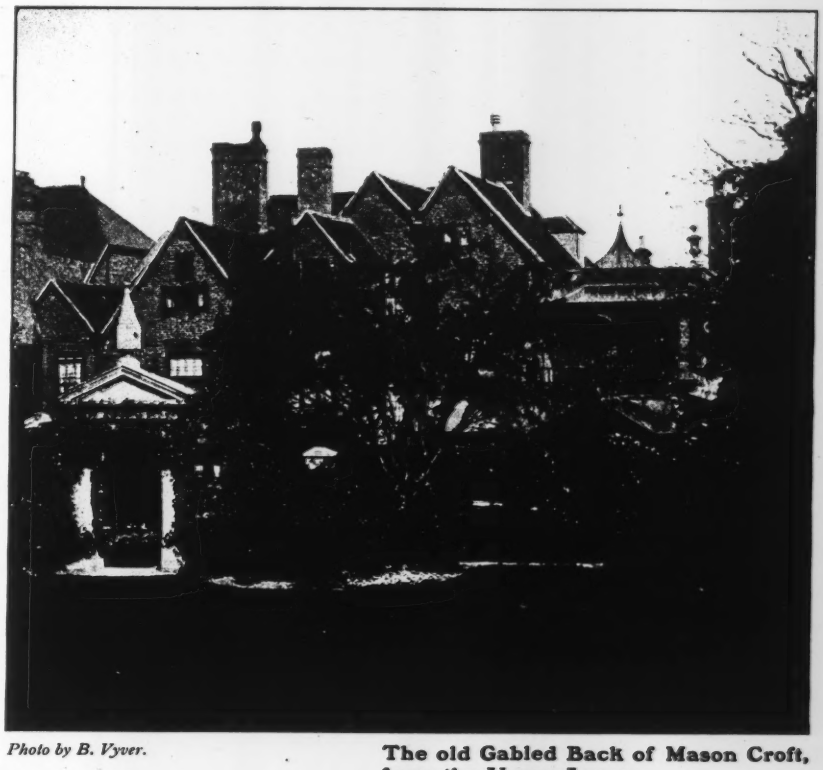


Photo by B. Vyver.

The old Gabled Back of Mason Croft, from the Upper Lawn.

the place growing as the scraping and cleaning of the raftered ceilings and wall panelling progressed, she ended in buying it outright and restoring and improving it to what it now is—one of the most charming residences in Stratford. She has taken over the dining-room of the former school for boys and turned it into a music-room, oak-panelled and oak-raftered, some sixty feet long by twenty-five wide. This makes an ideal place for private concerts and pastoral plays, and is connected with the winter-garden of Mason Croft. The garden proper, once a couple of asphalt-paved yards and a football ground, separated by the picturesque old sun-dial archway, is transformed into a fragrant and perfect vision of loveliness, a leafy, blossomy expanse of nearly five acres, laid out in the Elizabethan fashion, where one may sit retired and say with Marvell:

> "Society is all but rude
> To this delicious solitude."

The tending of this garden, the dreaming in it, and reading in it, and writing in it, are become Miss Corelli's especial delights, for she is a great lover of natural beauty and never so happy as when she is out in the open air.

In the beautiful home she has made for herself she finds always her chief happiness. Gracious, generous, cheerful, looking on the happier side of everything, she is an inspiration to her friends, so her friends themselves will tell you, to try to make the best of themselves and of their lives.

The study in which Marie Corelli writes is a pleasant room overlooking the garden; and in a smaller room next to it she has a valuable library and a rare collection of autographs and ancient manuscripts, amongst the latter being the Peter Heylin MS., dated 1618, and bearing Heylin's signature. There is, I believe, no mention of Shakespeare in Heylin's published works, but the MS. that Miss Corelli possesses contains an interesting reference to his "Venus and Adonis," and a good many American collectors have offered her large sums for this important "find," but she has no present intention of either selling or publishing the document.

Working at her books, finding her pleasure in reading and deciphering old manuscripts, in music, in the planting and rearing of her roses, in entertaining some notable week-end guest, or presiding, an ideal hostess, at those famous "little dinners" at Mason Croft to which she delights to invite the members of her own carefully chosen social circle, she keeps contentedly outside the rush and restless movements of modern society, and is essentially and thoroughly womanly, loving to surround herself with what is charming and restful to the eye, and taking an artistic pleasure in being beautifully and tastefully dressed. She is very happy in her friends, counting among them some of our most distinguished men in politics, art, and letters; and she is as disinterested and as staunch a friend as she is out-spoken and uncompromising a foe.

Withal, Miss Corelli is a steady and methodical worker. Her literary work is all done in the mornings between ten and two, and she writes and rewrites with

A corner of the Drawing-room, Mason Croft.

unwearying care. The first rough draft of a story is written in a MS. book in pencil; which book she takes with her in the garden, or in her boat on the river, and scribbles away at high speed with intense enjoyment in the working out of her tale. This she copies out, first in her ordinary correspondence hand, then in clearer, more careful calligraphy for the typist, and from the typing machine it goes to the printers. In summer she rises at six and goes out, driving her ponies or boating on the river, from seven until nine; she has no fads about health or methods of dieting, is alertly interested in whatever is happening in the world around her, readier to talk of anything and any one than herself and her personal achievements; so far, indeed, from being the egotist that some detractors who never visited or met her have described her as being, she is entirely modest and reticent concerning herself, never speaks of her work or anything connected with it except when mere courtesy draws her into gratifying the curiosity of a questioner, and though the guest at Mason Croft may find books in all the rooms that are open to him, he will see none of her own among them.

One way and another those same detractors have made it a matter of difficulty and unpleasantness for her to perform the little ordinary acts of courtesy that are naturally expected of a woman of Miss Corelli's commanding position and influence in public life. Newspapers and magazines are continually telegraphing and writing asking for expressions of her opinion on topics of current interest; a refusal to accede to such a request is spoken of as indicating her sense of her own importance, and if she complies with it some unconscionable ink-slinger is sure to start what she laughingly calls "the wolf-cry" of "self-advertisement." The wearisome repetition of that envious or merely imbecile but not the less offensive blether has by degrees led to her making a rule of declining all invitations to open bazaars, to be present at public dinners, to take a leading part in any public function, to speak or deliver addresses in behalf of any object, however charitable or laudable.

(iv) MISS CORELLI AS A PUBLIC SPEAKER.

This last decision is the occasion of sincere regrets on the part of all who have any knowledge of Miss Marie Corelli as a public speaker, for she has a natural gift of oratory, a piquant humour, a fearless outspokenness that are amazingly effective. Her address on "The Vanishing Gift" of imagination, delivered for the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution before an audience of four thousand, was a strikingly brilliant piece of eloquence; she delivered the address without fee to raise funds for the Institute, and though the leading Scottish daily superciliously ignored the occasion, the members of the Institute testified to their appreciation of her generous services by presenting her with an exquisitely designed silver bowl, on which is engraved the following inscription: "Presented to Miss Marie Corelli by the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution in grateful recognition of the brilliant address delivered by her, 19th Nov. 1901."

She addressed with immense success an audience of five thousand in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow, on "Signs of the Times"; and I was present when she gave a delightfully satirical lecture to the O.P. Club in London, whilst she was resolutely and successfully fighting the authorities of Stratford to save the two Elizabethan houses in Henley Street from demolition. Perhaps one of her most memorable appearances on the platform was at Leeds, where she spoke with rare powers of appeal and pathos on behalf of the Life-Boat Fund to a close-packed crowd that overflowed the Town Hall into the street, and the interest and enthusiasm were so tremendous that people swarmed to shake hands with the famous novelist, women caught at her and pressed edges of her dress against their lips as she passed, and there was an attempt to take the horses from her carriage and draw her in triumph through the city. A most extraordinary spectacle resulting from no commonly eloquent oration; but the event was ignored by the Press, with the exception of certain Yorkshire papers that attacked Miss Corelli virulently, siding against her with the Mayor of Leeds, who had refused to support the Life-Boat meeting because it was held on a Sunday. Yet, as she neatly remarked, "if the Mayor had been

Two favourites at Mason Croft: Miss Corelli's Shetland Ponies.

wrecked on a Sunday, he would not have thought it irreligious for the life-boat men to risk their lives in coming to his rescue!"

At the time when she was sparing herself no pains to save the Shakespearean property in Henley Street from destruction, and the mistaken supporters of the Stratford-on-Avon Trustees were maligning and misrepresenting her in the Press and out of it, she had undertaken to respond to the toast of "Art and Literature" at the Mayor's public luncheon on Shakespeare's Birthday. On that same day appeared a lampoon upon her written by a local clergyman who was under numerous obligations to her for personal kindnesses and assistance, as you may gather from this letter which he had previously written to her:

"MY DEAR MISS CORELLI,—Could I write as you do I might find words to express in part some of my feelings of gratitude to you for all your kindnesses. My little daughter owes to you untold happiness, and I believe the goodness you ever show her will brighten her whole future life. My dear wife you help to bear her many burdens of health and loneliness as no other has ever attempted to do, and my very mediocre self owes to you a recognition, after many long struggles, I will not say of merit, for no one knows better than myself my own short-comings, but of 'effort.' In fact, you come to us, as Amenhotep says of the sun,—

"'Thou art very beautiful, brilliant and exalted above earth,
Thy beams encompass all lands which thou hast made,
Thou art our sun,
Thou bindest us with thy love,
Thou art on high, but the day passes with thy going.'

"Even so your kindly heart has shone upon our life and made us feel the springs of life within us. May the great Master of all things ever bless you and yours."

Incredible as it may seem, the clerical writer of this fulsomely grateful epistle allowed himself to be employed by a member of the Birthplace Trust to write a wretched pamphlet ridiculing the "kindly heart" of the lady who had often been his hostess, and the house wherein he had been hospitably entertained. Moreover, he carried this insult further by going deliberately behind her seat in the Theatre at the Birthday-night performance, exhibiting to the public the "lampooned" and the "lampoonist" together.

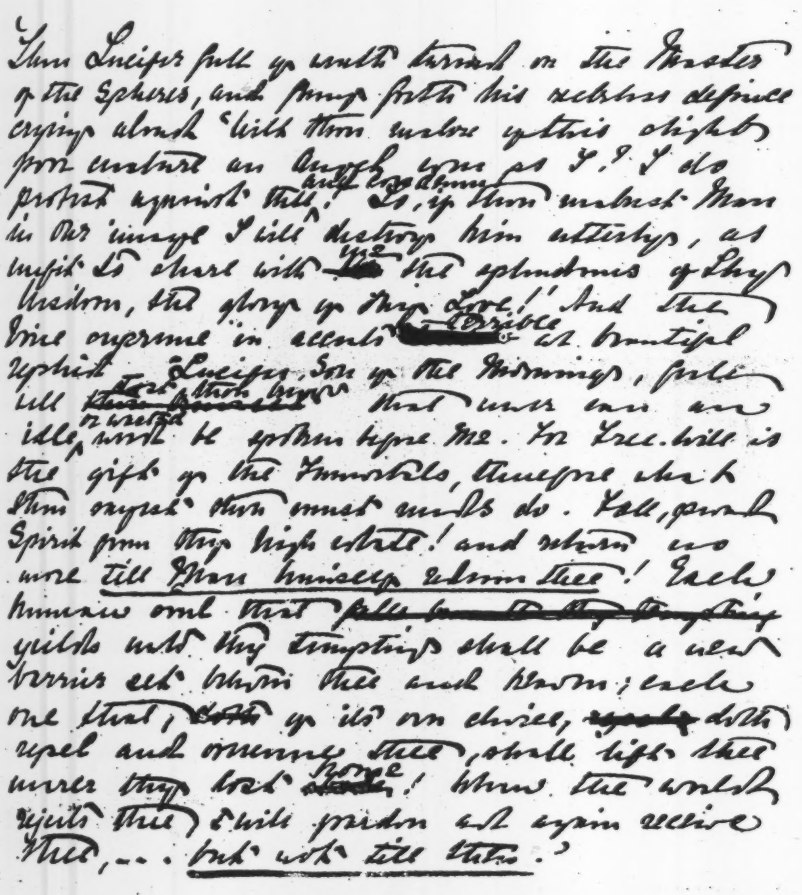
I relate this incident in some detail because it is a sample of the treatment to which Miss Corelli has been subjected by the pettifogging provincial officialdom of the town in which she is by far the most distinguished resident and for which she has done so many and such signal services. There can be no other side to this story, for in no conceivable circumstances can any living creature be justified in such ill-mannered conduct towards any man—much less towards any woman.

It says much for the novelist's pluck and self-control that in these irritating circumstances she was able to fulfil her undertaking at the Mayor's luncheon in a speech that brought her the following note from Mr. Sidney Colvin, who was amongst her audience:

"Let me congratulate you on a speech delivered with a very remarkable beauty of voice and utterance for which I own I was not prepared. It was admirable."

I do not pretend to have given any adequate account of Miss Corelli as a public speaker—I have no space for that; and can make merely a passing reference to one other speech of hers—to that which she gave to a notable assembly of literary men and women at a dinner of the Whitefriars Club, and I shall limit my account of it to an extract from a letter Miss Corelli some while afterwards received from the distinguished politician who was chairman on that occasion:

"I often look back to the time when I had the pleasure of sitting beside you at the Whitefriars dinner, and of



A page of Miss Marie Corelli's MS. of "The Sorrows of Satan," showing the first rough draft (slightly reduced).

Miss Marie Corelli's Gondola:
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"I think no one can be in any doubt that it was your own energetic intervention which caused the satisfactory solution of the difficulty that has lately so seriously disturbed our equanimity. . . . Most of the London papers, so far as I have seen them, with perfect rightness consider that you have saved a national monument from a serious peril. The victory is certainly yours.

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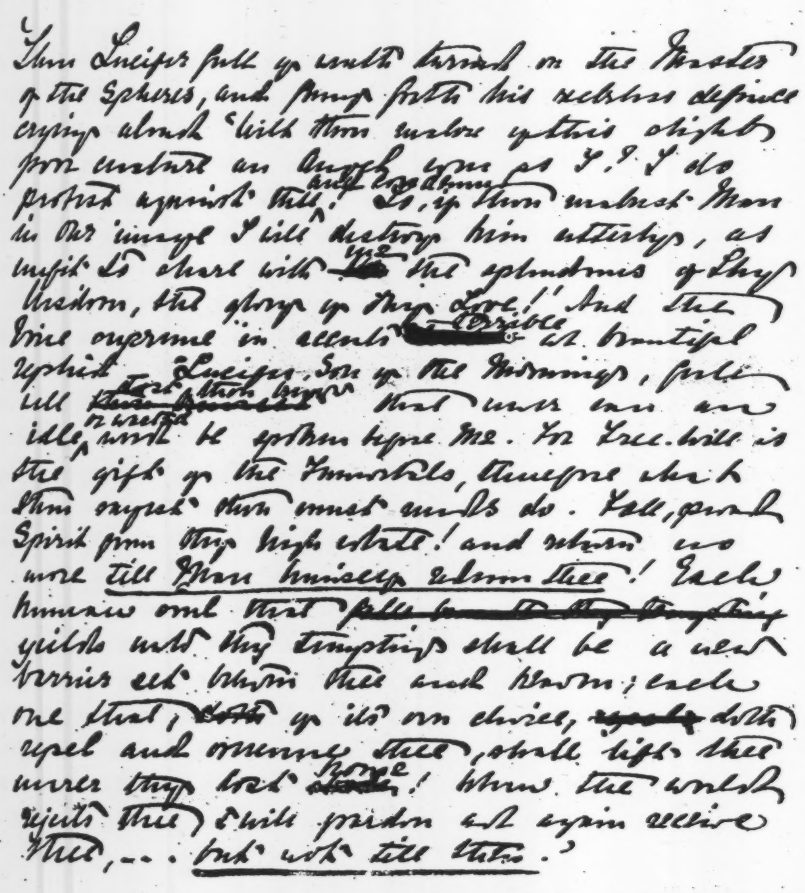

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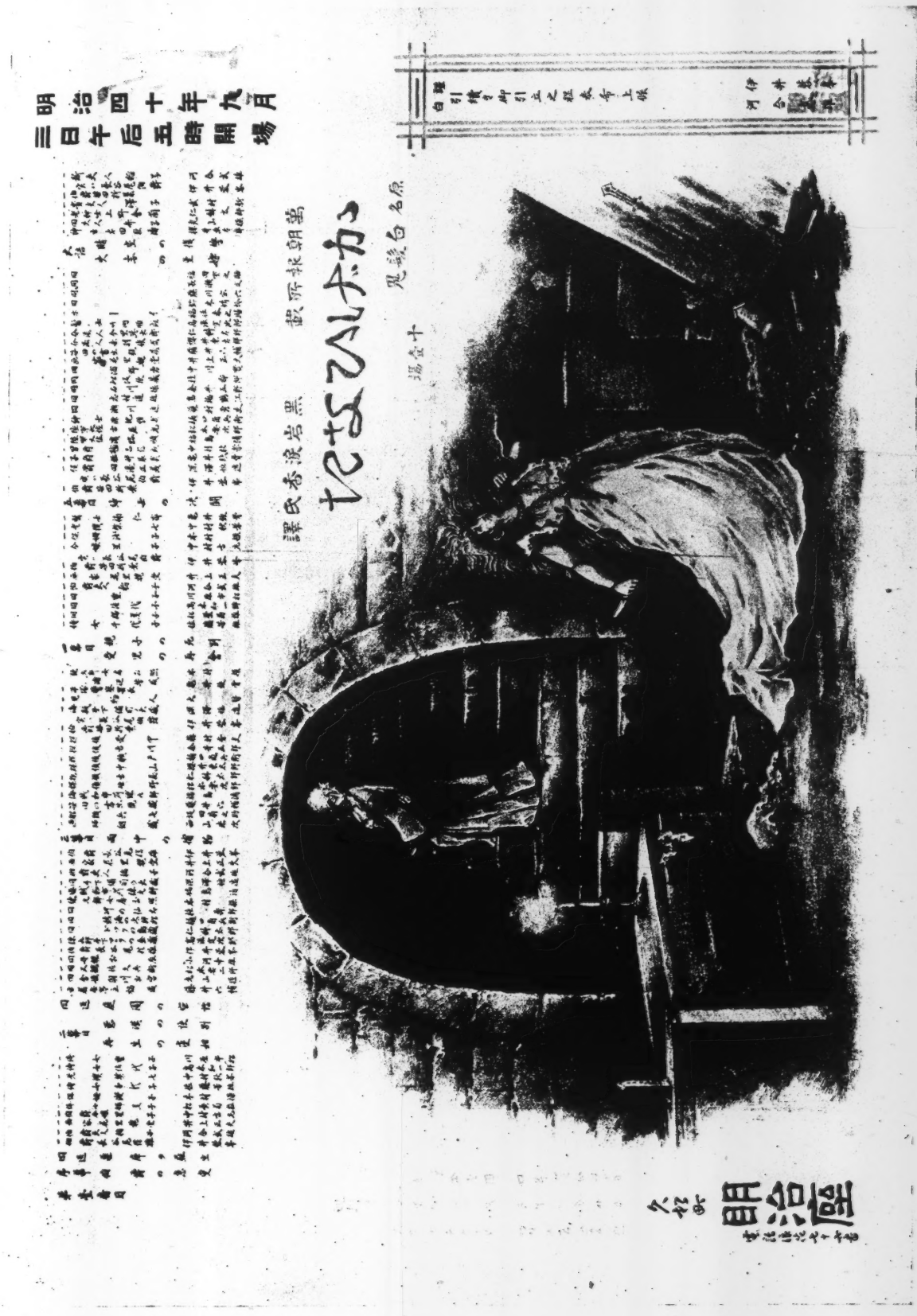
the old deeds proving the connection of the property with the family of William Shakespeare were under his charge and open to inspection. Therefore the "expert opinions" and the formal "examination" of the buildings were idle nonsense. If proofs, such as the Librarian could produce, were in existence, the Trustees were obviously not justified in contemplating the demolition of the buildings, inasmuch as their own Parliamentary Act forbade it, and they should have been grateful to Miss Corelli for pointing this out to them. But their actions would seem to suggest that they thought it better to attack and slander her than to exert themselves to read the deeds that they held in trust for the nation. As Mr. Andrew Lang commented at the time, "Mr. A. D. Flower, Mayor in 1902, the same who begged a free library from an American," admitted, in the course of a libel action that rose out of the matter, that the Trustees "were aware that the deeds relating to the two cottages were in the possession of the Trust, but he did not know they were of very great age." He admitted that the Trustees had these records, and when counsel satirically inquired, "Well, perhaps when you have a little spare time, as a Trustee you will inquire into them?" he responded, "Perhaps so." As Mr. Lang has it:

"This is simply paralysing; imagination boggles at the sublime ignorance and indifference of Mr. A. D. Flower, a Trustee of Shakespeare's Birthplace, the Delphi or central literary shrine of the world. He has not read, 'perhaps' he will one day read, the title deeds of Elizabethan property; deeds which for forty years have been in possession of the Trust. And he is one of the Trustees! . . . Mr. Lee, indeed, observed that 'no conspicuous historic nor archæological interest attached to any of the four houses.' The interest was certainly not 'conspicuous'; to discover it you have to examine the interior of the Shakespearean blacksmith's house and the ancient deeds of sale."

Miss Corelli was forced into a libel action over the affair when Mr. Sidney Lee repeated in various newspaper letters, that were signed with his name, a silly accusation brought against her by a Stratford draper. This person wrote in a local paper implying that Miss Corelli's crusade against the Carnegie Free Library in Henley Street and the demolition of the old cottages was merely a blind to secure the position for herself and build a "Corelli Free Library"! Miss Corelli laughed at the absurd charge so long as it appeared only in the local sheet, but the Trustees of the Birthplace seem to have induced Mr. Lee to take it up and repeat it throughout the Press.

"I should never have paid the slightest attention to the Stratford authorities," says Miss Corelli, "because I know from the record of the late Halliwell-Phillips how they can treat students who love Shakespeare better than municipalities, but I felt that it was distinctly unfair of Mr. Sidney Lee to join the ill-mannered crew before giving me a chance to personally explain matters

The Shrubbery, Mason Croft.

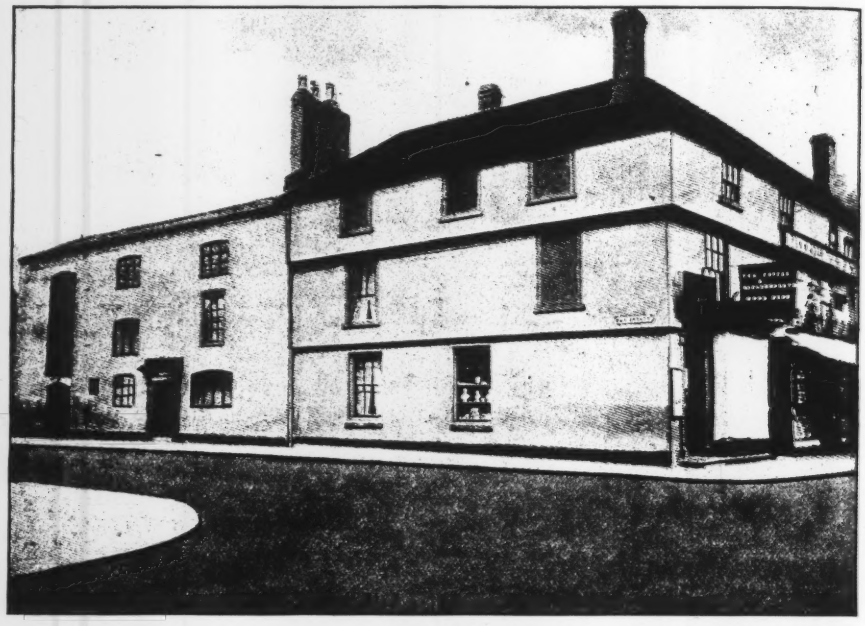


Showing a scene from the dramatised version of "Vendetta," as acted in Japan at the Meijiza Theatre.

Japanese Play-bill.

to him. I wrote him a final letter which I should have been quite willing for him to publish—I recollect it was on the evening of the 'gala' performance at the Opera when the King was entertaining President Loubet, and I was going to the performance with some friends. Before starting for the Opera, I sat down and wrote to

Mr. Lee in the most courteous and friendly terms begging him 'as a scholar and gentleman' to refrain from spreading a false report about me till he knew the real facts, which of course were those relating to the Librarian's information concerning the deeds at the Birthplace. I told him that I had no personal dislike or prejudice whatever against any person or persons in the whole town or neighbourhood of Stratford, and that I was merely seeking to save property which I knew had been connected with Shakespeare; and I asked him to give me an interview while I was in London. This letter he never even answered, but went on publishing those letters of his that repeated the grotesque assertion of a spiteful tradesman. He repeated it also in his pamphlet, 'The Alleged Vandalism at Stratford-on-Avon,' a pamphlet concerning which I subsequently unearthed some amusing details. By amusing I mean I learned how it was published, and at whose expense. It did not sell, but it is still distributed, though the tradesman's libel has long been disproved and everybody knows I am the very last person on earth to wish to put up a free library."

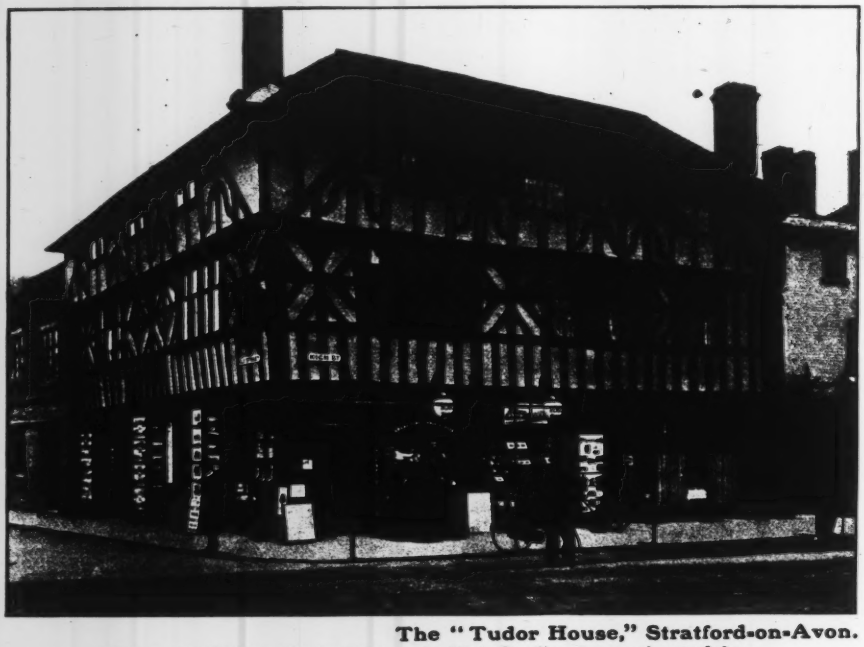


The "Tudor House," Stratford-on-Avon, *before* restoration.
The old timber work was covered up in this way some two hundred years ago.

(vi) **THE STRATFORD FESTIVAL.**

When Miss Corelli first went to Stratford she had not the smallest intention of settling down, but no sooner had she decided to reside there permanently than the fatuous cry went up in certain quarters that she was living there on purpose to advertise herself in connection with Shakespeare. The same charge might as reasonably be brought against Mr. Justin Huntly M'Carthy, who also lives in the town, but it is not.

"When I first came to Stratford," Miss Corelli told me, "I was asked to subscribe to the various local societies. That was when they thought my stay would only be for a summer season. I was particularly begged to encourage the Boat Club, and presented a Challenge Cup, called the King's Trophy Cup, with a fine portrait of King Edward worked on it in raised silver. When the then president of the Club saw the Cup, he said it was 'much too good for a Stratford crew,' and in the course of a subsequent speech declared that I must have sought to 'advertise' myself by it! I could not in decency withdraw the cup, but I promptly withdrew my subscription; and the amusing part of the business is that the contest for my Challenge Cup is the most exciting event of every year for the crews, but though I am in the town I am not.



The "Tudor House," Stratford-on-Avon.
The ancient timber work was uncovered by Marie Corelli at a personal cost of £200.

asked to be present, and my cup is presented to the winners by some one else. I am more than satisfied now that it should be so, for, you see, the simple action of my appearing on the ground to give the cup would be pretty sure to bring me under suspicion of 'self-advertisement' again."

"It does not seem to an outsider very sportsmanlike conduct on the part of the Stratford-on-Avon crews," I hazarded. "Besides, the people who *do* give the Cup are open, I suppose, to the same accusation."

"Of course," Miss Corelli agreed, with a twinkle in her eyes, "but probably they *need* the advertisement—and I don't!"

But the ill-will of the official element in Stratford is more than atoned for by the fact that she is on the best possible terms with the townspeople as a whole, and through her love and reverence for Shakespeare has a real interest and affection for the town itself. She has given many practical proofs of this. America and the Harvard University in particular owe something to Marie Corelli for the rescue and preservation of the "Harvard House" in Stratford-on-Avon—the house of Katharine Rogers, mother of the founder of Harvard College. Mr. Morris of Chicago entrusted the novelist with the commission to purchase it and have it restored to its sixteenth-century aspect interiorly, and Miss Corelli has done this so accurately and well that "experts" (who were so needlessly brought forward in the Henley Street dispute) have pronounced it the finest piece of restoration in Stratford, far superior to the cruelly "modern" botch-work of the famous Birthplace. The house is now, thanks to Marie Corelli's exertions, the property in perpetuity of Harvard University—a unique American possession of international interest in the heart of Shakespeare's town. Besides spending time and money freely on preserving some of Stratford's antiquities, she has paid off the debt on the church; she is a sympathetic friend to the poor of the district, and has given innumerable evidences of good and neighbourly feeling.

"I love the actual townsfolks," she says emphatically, "and I see how much more prosperous they might be if they were not 'sat upon' by an 'imperious little oligarchy,' as Halliwell-Phillips called it. If I were a Mrs. Russell Sage with twenty millions of money, I would spend it all in making this dear little town prosperous and happy."

To a reminder that they had treated her very badly—

"'Do good to them that hate you, pray for them that despitefully use you,'" she quoted, with a smile. "But no, the townspeople have not treated me badly, bless their hearts! Only a few of the illiterate and ignorant have been unpleasant because 'it is their nature to'! " She laughed and went on. "I'm afraid it is all petty jealousy, and I do not mind it now. I used to mind, for I cannot bear not to be on kindly and genial terms with all my neighbours; but one would have to be an angel to love *some* people, and when they are really hopelessly unlovable it's best to forget their existence—and I *do*!"

Miss Corelli takes no part now-a-days in Stratford's Shakespeare Celebrations, beyond running a flag of St. George up above her house on the Birthday; she feels that if she did more than this she would be accused of self-advertisement, and makes a good deal of fun over the amount of advertisement that other people ("especially Mr. Benson," she says merrily) contrive to get out of the event for themselves without incurring any blame.

People who go down to Stratford for the Festival, hoping among other experiences to see the novelist taking part in some of the various ceremonies, are invariably disappointed. She no longer attends the Benson performances, though there was a time when, in purchasing tickets for herself and friends, she was one of the Theatre's most liberal supporters, and there was an occasion, a few years ago, when she accepted a commission from Mr. C. A. Pearson and wrote for the *Daily Express* a series of masterly descriptive and critical reports of the playing and the players that are among the ablest and most incisive dramatic criticisms of recent years. But she does not admire the Bensonian productions of Shakespeare, and says so frankly,

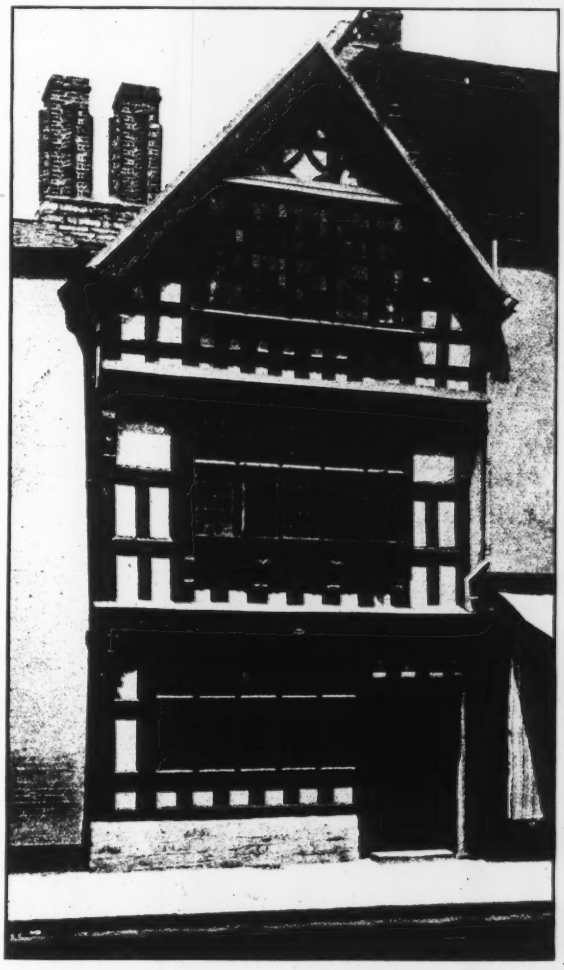


Photo by A. Tyler.

The Harvard House, Stratford-on-Avon.

Photo by W. A. Smith. **The Weir Brake, Stratford-on-Avon.**

adding, "It is much better to read the plays at home."

Which is not to say that she undervalues the art of the actor. She has many friends on the stage and is herself a clever amateur actress, and recites, as she lectures, with a subtle, dramatic instinct. She entertained both Madame Sarah Bernhardt and Miss Ellen Terry when they visited Stratford, and is genuinely but discriminatingly enthusiatic for good acting. Among her curios is a valuable copy of Shakespeare's signet ring (the original is in the Birthplace) made in twenty-two carat gold, and she has stated her intention of presenting this to the first "Hamlet" that fulfils her idea of the character. "I have not found him yet," she says, "though I *have* seen Mr. Forbes-Robertson!"

For her own pleasure she formerly made a practice of taking a floral tribute to the grave of the Bard on April 23, but the persistent cry of "self-advertisement" made this at last distasteful to her, and she ceased to take any part whatever in that formal celebration likewise. But that she did not refrain from paying due homage in private to the immortal memory you may gather from a rather quaint account of one year's proceedings written by an American visitor:

"I had seen the procession," he says, "and it was a poor affair. It reminded me of a third-class funeral. A number of uninteresting looking men walked in line, each carrying a daffodil or two; there was a short service in the church, and the congregation, including the daffodil-men, put their floral offerings in the hands of a couple of receiving clergy who, in turn, laid them on the stone which covers the Bard's ashes. There was some slow music, and then the crowd went away. It was a cold day, and I went away myself presently, feeling chilled through. But later I went back again. It was dusk, and there were only a couple of vergers about, and while I was sitting back in a dark corner I saw a slight, fair little woman stepping softly in and looking about her as though she were hunted or afraid. She had in her hands a bunch of the loveliest red roses, and was dressed in dark velvet very tastefully, and had a sweet, thoughtful face. I watched her. She went straight to the altar, kissed the roses she held, laid them down very timidly within the altar-rails, close to the edge of the Poet's tomb, and then went away as quietly as she had come. I asked one of the vergers if he knew who she was. 'Why, yes,' he said, 'that's Marie Corelli.' Well, I had come to Stratford for an experience! Marie Corelli, whose name is known all over the world and whom every American wants to see, actually so worried by these Stratford 'magnates' as to be compelled to slip into the church all alone with her offering for Shakespeare's Tomb! To my mind she ought to 'lead' the whole thing, for she has done nothing but useful and good things in the town ever since she lived in it. But from what I could gather she seems to be unfairly excluded from everything in which she should be entreated to take part, and it's a petty jealous way of conduct that redounds to the discredit of Stratford. If the spirit of the 'divine William' is anywhere around, I'm sure he was better pleased to see that graceful little woman with the roses at his tomb than all the rank and file of the daffodil-men!"

(vii) MISS CORELLI'S POEMS.

"I would much rather have been a poet than a novelist," Miss Corelli confesses; her first ardent passion was for poetry and her early dreams were all of some day writing a great poem; but the general public will not buy poetry, and when it became necessary that she should earn an independent livelihood, it had to be done by writing prose.

She writes verse, however, with extraordinary facility, and scatters lively little satires and humorous squibs on political and literary persons and events up and down her letters to her friends and more favoured correspondents. She has retorted upon her critics and mitigated the ferocity of the Stratford disputes with lively and pointedly satirical verses. There are lyrics of singular beauty and delicacy and tenderness in several of her novels, and she has contributed some few to the magazines, but much of her work in this kind has never been printed, and she cannot be persuaded to publish a volume of it.

Of the magazine verses, I recall with particular pleasure "Outside the Church," which was read at a matinée at the St. James's Theatre; the terse and finely thoughtful lines, "God and Satan"; and that hauntingly impressive poem, "Forgiveness," which the *New York Tribune* justly described as "powerful, beautiful, and terrible"—the story of the dead man who was forgiven, and finds the forgiveness a curse to him.

I have not left myself space to quote this remarkable

poem, or to discuss Miss Corelli's work as a poet so fully as I had intended, and must content myself for the nonce with giving here her vigorous, stirringly patriotic lines to "England," that are particularly timely in this hour of dreadnoughts, fear-alls, and general scare-mongering:

"Lift up thine eyes, Queen-Warrior of the world!
Stand fearless-footed on Time's shifting verge
And watch thine everlasting Dawn emerge
From clouds that thickly threaten thunderous War!
Lo, how thy broad East reddens to thy West,
The while thy thousand-victoried flag, unfurled,
Waves to thy North and South in one royal fold
Of tent-like shelter for an Empire's rest.
O Queen sword-girded, helmeted in gold,
Strong Conqueror of all thy many foes,
Look from thy rocky heights and see afar
The coming Future menacing the Past
With clamour and wild change of present things,
Kingdoms down-shaken, with the fall of kings,
But fear not Thou! Thou'rt still the first and last
Imperial wearer of the deathless Rose,—
Crowned with the sunlight, girdled with the sea,
Mother of mightiest nations yet to be!"

(viii) THE FAMOUS DEFIANCE OF THE CRITICS.

It was with the publication of "The Sorrows of Satan" that Miss Marie Corelli threw down her famous defiance of the critics. By way of foreword, that book contained the following notice:

"No copies of this Book are sent out for review. Members of the Press will therefore obtain it (should they wish to do so) in the usual way with the rest of the public—*i.e.* through the Booksellers and Libraries."

The daring announcement fell like a bombshell among the literary dovecotes, and some few journalists hastened to call on Messrs. Methuen and point out that such a policy was "suicidal" from the publishing point of view. But publishers and author stood resolutely to their guns, and the result of that unprecedented challenge was an unprecedented and sensational success. Since then, Miss Corelli has firmly maintained the same attitude and never allows any work of hers to be sent out for review.

"I bowed to one attack after another," she says, "until I published 'Barabbas.' This book was the outcome of so much devout and deeply felt emotion that it was almost like a part of my very life. It may sound like affectation to say so, but I wrote it in a constant spirit of prayer. Yet when it came out it was mauled and torn to pieces by malignant writers on the Press who, it was evident, had never read the New Testament through in their lives. Moreover, they criticised my work without reading it—this was easily apparent. I suffered for a time—I say it in all humility—as bitterly as perhaps Keats may have suffered when 'Endymion' was reviled, but I presently regained courage and made up my mind that any one who reviewed me in future should do so at his own cost. I have adhered to that decision, and have schooled myself not to care any longer what is said of my writings, and the irony of it is that I am much more fairly criticised now when blame or praise has become equally indifferent to me."

(ix) MR. ROBERT HICHENS AS CRITIC.

I am going to say frankly here, as I intimated at the outset, that I am one of those who hold that Miss Corelli's protest was very much more than justified. She has been contemned by men who have never been able to demonstrate that they were her equals in ability; she has been ridiculed with a raw, vulgar discourtesy that is more unpardonable than any injustice, till her name was rarely mentioned in the papers except with a sort of gutter-bred derision, and fledgeling critics, afraid to praise her in the teeth of this empty laughter, fancied they proved their title clear to a true "literary taste" by adding their pitiful little snigger to the general bray. If you take the trouble to inquire (as I have inquired), you will find that not eight out of ten such reviewers have so much as read the books by Miss Corelli which they abuse; when you come across one who has read them, if he does not merely catch his opinions as other people catch colds, and is courageous enough and independent enough to say what he thinks, you find him writing in the strain that Mr. Robert Hichens was stirred to adopt when he sat down to criticise "Boy":

Photo by W. A. Smith.

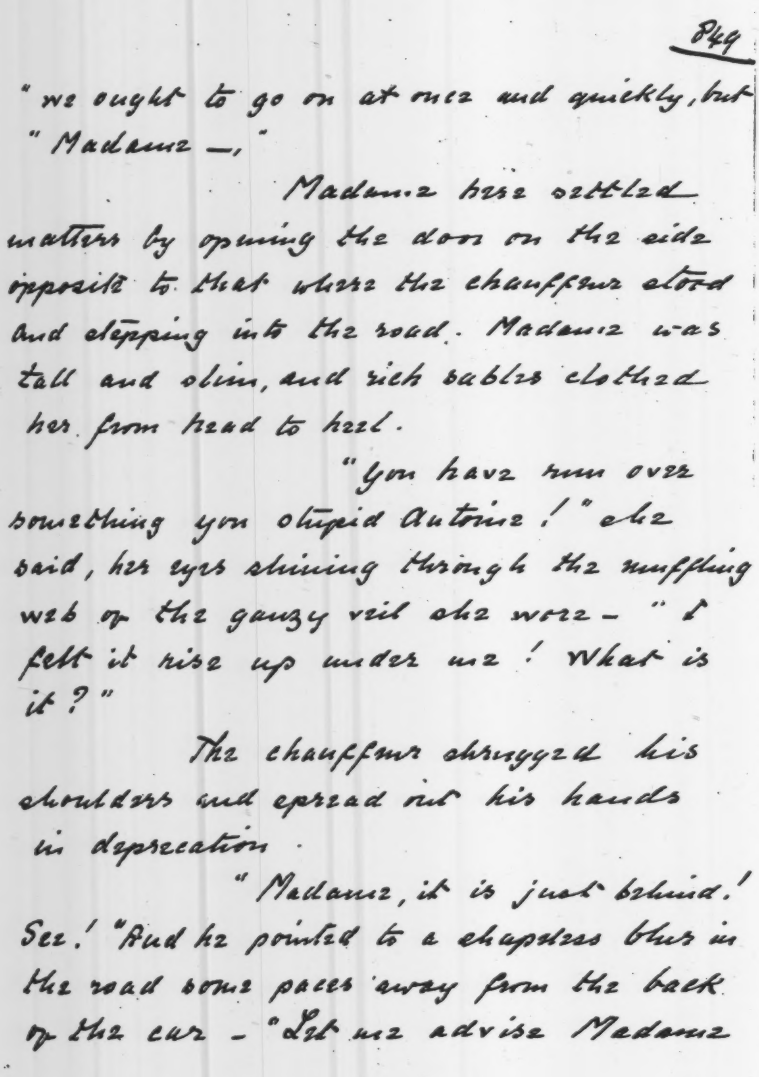
A favourite walk, Stratford-on-Avon.

"Miss Marie Corelli occupies a peculiar position. For years she has been famous. For years she has made more money than almost any literary woman or man. For years she has been worshipped by—shall I say millions of readers? For years she has been a target for the scorn of critics. For years she has been discussed, condemned, praised, pilloried. In the midst of all this hubbub she continues to write as she feels, to express her temperament on paper, to put forth, with an amazing vivacity, her opinions, to 'go for' all she considers hypocritical, irreligious, sham, or diseased. While the storm is howling she sits down quietly at her table, picks up a new quill, draws a fresh sheet of foolscap towards her, and continues upon her phenomenal career. I like to think of her posed in some calm retreat and 'producing,' while people who have never seen her, who will never see her, are growing purple in the face as they discuss her merits and demerits in various parts of the globe. She is small and fair. So she ought to be—a fairy stirring up the world with a wand dipped in ink. Does she care for the tornado she produces? Does she wish to be adored, or revel in being hated? Who knows? Perhaps she laughs to herself in some shady hermitage, and marvels at the good people who grow dishevelled around her footstool. Occasionally she moves, gets up from her writing-table for a moment, slaps the critics full in the face and then sits down again to resume her novel. It is delicious. The critics hit back. And Miss Corelli composedly goes on writing. . . . Always she puts into her work the same peculiar and abnormal vitality—a vitality that never flags or falters, that seems, indeed, to grow, like a fire fanned by the bellows of discussion.

". . . 'Boy' is not slashing, not terrific, not very long, and not at all in Miss Corelli's 'Sorrows of Satan' manner. Nevertheless, I expect it to be immensely successful. The author has set out to be simple—a most difficult matter to succeed in. She has produced a sketch that is wonderfully natural, very true, very touching, and full of charm. The characters in this sketch are strangely alive. . . . The surest way to create goodness is to reveal it. For when it is artistically revealed, with deftness, tenderness, and the brightness that there is in every page almost of 'Boy,' who would not wish to imitate, who would not desire to live with it? . . . In simplicity she has won a new success, and found the way to the fountain of tears."

(x) WHAT THE WORLD SAYS.

Thus Mr. Hichens, and I am unreservedly with him in that high appreciation, though, for my part, I do not number "Boy" among the greatest of Miss Corelli's novels. But who shall decide upon these points of preference? I can speak only for myself and say that highest of all her novels, and with the few living novels of our time, I rank "Ardath," "Barabbas," "Thelma," and "The Sorrows of Satan." The conception of Satan, in the latter, is as magnificent as it is strikingly original; I know of nothing to compare with it, for its forcefulness and shadowed majesty, in modern fiction. The story satirises fiercely, sometimes bitterly, the follies and sins of latter-day society, and over it all broods that sinister, wistful, tragic figure of "Lucifer, Son of the Morning," forced to fulfil his self-appointed task of luring humanity to its destruction, sinking farther from bliss himself with every victim who yields to his tempting, and rising rapturously a little nearer to his lost estate when his wiles are resisted and his burden of doom so lightened. Where is the other living novelist who could grasp so great a theme and handle it with such easy mastery? Or where the other living novelist who could take that even more tremendous subject, that "dream of the



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"we ought to go on at once and quickly, but
"Madame —,"

Madame has settled matters by opening the door on the side opposite to that where the chauffeur stood and stepping into the road. Madame was tall and slim, and rich sables clothed her from head to heel.

"You have run over something you stupid Antoine!" she said, her eyes shining through the muffling web of the gauzy veil she wore — "I felt it rise up under me! What is it?"

The chauffeur shrugged his shoulders and spread out his hands in deprecation.

"Madame, it is just behind! See!" And he pointed to a shapeless blur in the road some paces away from the back of the car — "Let me advise Madame

A page of MS. (slightly reduced) of Miss Corelli's novel, "Holy Orders."

world's tragedy," the trial and crucifixion and resurrection of Christ, and fashion it so resourcefully, with such a daring and masculine imagination, and yet with such infinite reverence, into so noble a piece of work as "Barabbas"?

"The Master-Christian," "Temporal Power," "Vendetta," "Wormwood," "The Mighty Atom," "Cameos"—that charming collection of picturesque sketches and stories; "Delicia," "The Treasure of Heaven"—no names of recent novels are more familiar in our ears, for no novels of our time have been awaited more eagerly, discussed with more gusto, more warmly admired, or, in a word, proved more universally acceptable. When Miss Corelli was once asked by a *persona grata* at court whether, if it were offered, she would accept a title, she replied that she valued above all possible titles the goodwill and love of her readers, and these, as her correspondence and her unrivalled popularity testify, she has in far larger measure than any novelist among her contemporaries.

Cold and unemotional natures invariably despise those that are more alive than themselves and so more sensitive to the pleasures and pains, the laughter and pathos, the hopes and the despairs of humanity; they complacently miscall their own dead indifference culture and dignity, and the finer sensitiveness of those others illiterate emotionalism; and so it comes that certain critics, failing to understand the intense spiritual vitality of Marie Corelli's style, because they have nothing in themselves with which to compare it, denounce it as "verbose" and "hysterical." Nevertheless, there are some among them, men that really live as well as write, who unhesitatingly endorse the opinion that Mr. John Bygott has frankly expressed. Mr. Bygott, a Double Medallist and First Prizeman of the Society of Arts in English (and so entitled to the respect of even the academic), is the author of "The King's English, and How to Write It," and in presenting a copy of this book to Miss Corelli, he wrote: "The work aims at inciting students to attain a good literary style by studying our great masterpieces, and though I have scrupulously avoided commenting upon living writers, I have long regarded you as being without an equal as a 'stylist.'"

The style of Miss Corelli's novels varies fittingly with their varying themes, but it is everywhere vivid, lucid, glowingly imaginative, burningly alive; through all of them runs the same deep undercurrent of earnestness and strong sincerity; whether they go back, as in "Barabbas," to a sacred story of long ago, or, as with "The Treasure of Heaven" and "Holy Orders," deal with the problems and the complex life of our own day, they are inspired by the same profound sense of spirituality, the same wide knowledge of the world and of human nature, the same vision of and reverence for the divine essence that is the soul of all things seen; the same pity for the weak and intolerance of wrong that find frankest expression in the pages of her "Free Opinions." She is an absolute and devout believer in the Christian faith, and has embodied her religious theories more especially in "A Romance of

A scene from Miss Marie Corelli's novel, "Holy Orders."

(Reproduced from *Black and White*, by permission.)

Photo by W. A. Smith. **A favourite reach of the Avon.**

Two Worlds," "Ardath," and "The Soul of Lilith." She attends the Church of England, but is wisely tolerant of all creeds.

"In every form of religion there is some attempt made to reach the divine—we should therefore respect all creeds, even if we regret a mistaken or ignorant conception of Eternal Truth. For myself," she remarks, "I believe solely and entirely in the message brought to human souls by the Gospel of Christ. If we followed Him truly we should be happy—it is because we do *not* follow Him that we miss the way to peace. In this day all the things that Christ prophesied are coming true so quickly that I wonder more people do not realise it; and I especially wonder at the laxity and apathy of the Churches, except for the fact that this also was prophesied. Some of us will live to see a time of terror, and that before very long. The blasphemous things which are being done in the world to-day cannot go on much longer without punishment. We know by history that deliberate scorn of God and divine things has always been met by retribution of a sudden and terrible nature—and it will be so again."

After all, the critical outcry against Marie Corelli is not to be made much of; the proportion of professional critics to the general population is exceedingly small. If you inquire at any one of the large public libraries you will be told (as I have been told) that they stock some dozen or more copies of each of Miss Corelli's novels, but never have any of them on the shelves for more than an hour or two at a time, except when they are of necessity keeping one back for rebinding; this, with the indisputable fact of her enormous sales, and the easily discoverable fact that many of her most enthusiastic admirers are men of the professional classes—doctors, barristers, lawyers, writers, men of education and intelligence—brings one to realise that the ridicule and petty abuse she has had to endure have been but the loud noise of a small minority, even of the critics, and that unlike most prophets she is very far indeed from being without honour in her own country. And if the numerous translations of her works, beginning with the very earliest of them immediately on its appearance, into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Hungarian, Norwegian, Danish, Russian, Dutch, Greek, Japanese, Persian, Hindustani (among the many letters she has received from Indian potentates and scholars, is one from a well-known Maharajah which runs, "If Christianity were taught in India as *you* teach it, we should understand it better")—if the constantly increasing translations into these and all manner of other languages and dialects mean anything at all, it must mean that she never has been without honour in other countries, in every quarter of the globe "where there's a sun, a people, and a year."

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MAY, 1909.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

NOTE.—*We have received many complaints from Colonial and Indian readers that they are debarred by the time limit from taking part in our Competitions. To meet this difficulty, the date fixed above for sending in answers will not henceforth apply to Competitors resident abroad, except in the case of competition No. 2; answers from foreign or Colonial readers for competitions* 1, 3, *and* 4 *(the subjects of these being the same each month) will be admissible to the first competitions that are adjudicated upon after the date of their receipt.*

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS is offered for the two best extracts from any English author, one taking a favourable, the other an unfavourable view of any recent literary or social development.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR APRIL.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to MISS H. GRAHAM, Trinity House, Wimpole Road, Colchester, for the following:

THE INTERRUPTED KISS. BY RICHARD MARSH.

"Man never is but always to be blest."
POPE, *Essay on Man.*

We also select for printing:

A BISHOP IN THE ROUGH. BY REV. D. WALLACE DUTHIE.

"I was a pale young curate then!"
W. S. GILBERT, *The Sorcerer.*

(Mrs. Wright, Fairmead, Sutton.)

THE CARLYLE LOVE-LETTERS.

"The poor dear dead have been laid out in vain,
Turn'd into cash, they are laid out again!"
THOMAS HOOD.

(Mrs. Bowell, Sissinghurst Vicarage, Cranbrook, Kent.)

DID SHE DO RIGHT? BY A. J. MACDONNELL.

"Then flush'd her cheek with rosy light,
She glanced across the plain;
But not a creature was in sight:
She kiss'd me once again."
TENNYSON, *The Talking Oak.*

(Bertram J. Saunders, 104, Berw Road, Pontypridd, Glam.)

THE ROYAL END. BY H. HARLAND.

"The king, I fear, is poison'd by a monk."—*King John.*

(Miss Robinson, Glengall, Romford.)

THE INTERRUPTED KISS. BY RICHARD MARSH.

"O Powers of Heaven! what dark eye meets she there?
'Tis—tis her father's—fix'd upon the pair!"
Don Juan, IV. XXXV.

(W. A. Hutchison, 32, Hotham Road, Putney, S.W.)

A NEW POET. (Review by W. DE LA MARE.)

"What mare's nest have you found?"
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER, *Bonduca.*

(M. R. Ridley, 2 Hughenden Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

II.—The PRIZE for the best brief quotation from English literature asserting the superiority or inferiority of woman to man has been divided, and we are sending TWO NEW NOVELS to ALEX. RUNCIMAN, 6, St. Mark's Place, Portobello, Nr. Edinburgh, and TWO NEW NOVELS to D. SILL, 11, Nelson Terrace, Redcar, Yorks, for the following:

"She [woman] is the lesser creature, the inferior animal of the two; her passions, her strength, her intellect are less; but also she is less of an animal and more of a spirit."
JEAN INGELOW, *John Jerome*, page 121.

(Alex. Runciman.)

"He redd them up most michty," said the post: . . .
"'Adam,' says he, 'was an erring man, but aside Eve he was most respectable.'"—BARRIE, *The Little Minister*, chap. x.

(D. Sill.)

Very good selections have been received from Miss H. G. Bremner (Midlothian), Miss Evelyn M. Abbott (Old Milton), G. W. Lawrence (Lonmay), S. E. MacArthur (Wakefield), V. Ford (Bristol), Mrs. Bowell (Cranbrook), E. H. Shield (Bristol), Mrs. Rainey (St. Ives), J. E. MacDonald (Edinburgh), L. A. Wilks (Scarborough), Florence H. Ellie (Halifax), J. Jefferson, junr. (Sunderland), Marion Burd (Solihull), A. Ashe Roberts (Upper Tooting), and many others.

III.—A Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in a hundred words of any recently published book is awarded to Edward M. Layton, 25, Dacre Park, Lee, S.E., for the following:

FRATERNITY. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.)

For the delicate artistry of this book, the obvious shrinking of its author from laying on tones that might be crude, harsh, or jarring, Mr. Galsworthy is much to be thanked. On the other hand, its didactic purpose is to be deplored. The novel at its best is not a platform, but a story. In "Fraternity" the story is transparently thin. Throughout the book we are faced by the author's relentless intention to expose the ineffectiveness of mere culture. Even from the author's point of view the result is unsatisfactory; the reader's sympathy, at most, is merely divided.

The best of the large number of other reviews received are:

QUEENS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By M. Beresford Ryley. (Methuen.)

Mrs. Ryley herself is Renaissance reincarnate and moves amongst kindred spirits with such a vitality of sympathy and appreciation that they are created for us as vividly and intimately as the most interesting of our friends. We are not blinded by glamour—facts are allowed to be facts—but from cover to cover the point of view is rational, tender, wholesome, with, above all, a tolerant, humorous perception of human weaknesses and a delicate happiness that only the possession of that motive power of the Renaissance—the *joie de vivre*—can give.

(Winifred M. Lodge, 9, Gatestone Road, Norwood.)

SEPTIMUS. By W. J. Locke. (John Murray.)

Mr. Locke has set for himself a high standard, but "Septimus" will not disappoint his numerous admirers. In it he tells the story of four lives, and although each character is finely drawn, Septimus Dix himself is undoubtedly the finest example of the author's skill. In some ways he resembles Trotty Veck, but he is far more complex, being something of a genius and something of a seer. In spite of his extreme simplicity he inspires not only love, but also respect. The book is not rich in incident, but is one of the few modern novels that deserve to live.

(M. K. A. Nisbitt, 23, Waldegrave Road, Upper Norwood.

CHRISTOPHER HIBBAULT, ROADMAKER. By Margaret Bryant. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This novel combines, in a clever manner, three interesting ideas—the discovery of stuff suitable for modern roadmaking, the adoption, by a shattered strong man, of his rival's son, and the mastery of a beautiful girl with a temper by the one man who understands her. Yet, dealing as it does with men, and men's work in the world, the sentiment of the book, though charmingly persuasive throughout, is too essentially feminine to prove convincing. It is in the drab-coloured homes of the really poor that Miss Bryant's hand falls with a touch that is both illuminating and sure.

(Audrey A. M. Bell, The Mount, Hampstead, N.W.)

THE FAITH OF HIS FATHERS. By A. E. Jacomb. (Andrew Melrose.)

It is to be hoped—for the sake of the present generation—that there are few fathers left like William Atkinson. He is the outstanding figure in a novel which is both interesting and instructive. Interesting, because we would fain know more of so remarkable a man, who was almost a religious fanatic. Instructive, because it teaches us what want of charity can make of a human being. The rest of the characters are well drawn, and the authoress has written a book which should be an object-lesson to fathers of how *not* to manage their children.

(Mrs. Harvie Anderson, 9, London Terrace, Glasgow, West.)

We also specially commend the reviews sent in by L. Welby (Shanklin), Mary Keegan (Weybridge), G. R. Harvey (Aberdeen), T. A. Walters (Ickley Station), Mary C. Jobson (Harrogate), Mrs. Graham Stirling (Comrie), Mrs. Hickley (Dukinfield), E. M. Kempson (Birmingham), C. G. Holt (Sheffield), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Mrs. Boldero (Bexhill), and Kathleen M. Coomber (Hoylake).

IV.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to "The Bookman" has been awarded to J. W. Gellert, Dawson Street, Fullerton Estate, Adelaide, South Australia.

BALLADE OF THE SELF-SUFFICIENT.

LET others seek their sails to trim
To fickle Fortune's breezes keen,
Or haunt th' Exchange's portals grim
Where grisly Ruin lurks unseen,
Or prink in silk or satin sheen,
And call it, if they care to, bliss;
I in my study sit serene—
My mind to me a kingdom is.

For others let the beaker brim
With port, champagne, or Hippocrene;
Let rarest viands smoke for him
Who joys in feasts Antiochene;
Like Horace in the country green
Crude luxury I never miss,
But dine content on pulse and bean—
My mind to me a kingdom is.

Think you the cream of life to skim,
The plumpest ears of joy to glean
By gratifying every whim?
It matters not to me, I ween.
I envy neither King nor Queen,
Nor Emperors in palaces,
A sovereign in my own demesne—
My mind to me a kingdom is.

ENVOY.

"The aids to life are all within,"
Dear sir or madam, mark you this;
I've proved those words, learnt what they mean—
My mind to me a kingdom is.

A. M. R.

New Books.

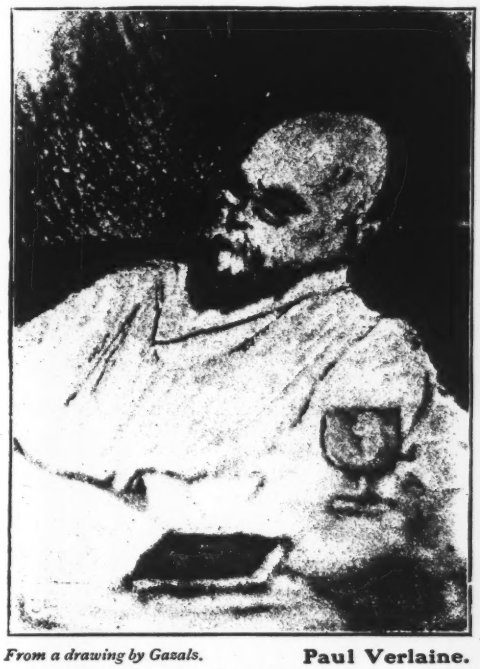
VERLAINE.*

The result of reading many biographies has been summarised thus: "More or less commiseration for the biographee; more or less contempt for the biographer." But this gloomy view need not be quite taken in regard to M. Lepelletier's "Verlaine." It is true that the book is not a masterpiece; that it is rather "woolly"; that the treatments of the first and the last parts of the poet's career are very disproportionate, and even in the earlier and fuller case by no means well arranged; finally, that the author does not succeed in giving any very vital portrait of his schoolfellow and lifelong friend. A precedent knowledge of Verlaine's poems from the very days of the "Saturniens" and the first "Parnasse" gives one, perhaps, a rather illegitimate advantage; yet it is difficult not to think that any reasonably intelligent adult, with a copy of the "Works" in chronological order, and the barest biographical-dictionary sketch of the life, might come to know nearly as much about Verlaine as this big book tells us. But M. Lepelletier is free from most of the worst faults of the biographer, if he has not those surpassing merits which gave us Johnson or Scott on the great scale, Nelson or Sterling on the small. He neither adores nor patronises, he plays neither Devil's Advocate nor *valet de chambre*; although he certainly does not keep himself studiously in the background, he does not commit the frequent mistake of forgetting that he is writing the life of M. Verlaine and not the life of M. Lepelletier. His "frankness"—that quality so much admired by some in his countrymen—though not absent, is mitigated. Except that he cannot bear to think that a rational, sensible atheist, such as Verlaine once was, really became a miserable believer, he is nowhere silly; and he seems to be on the whole a sensible, good-natured, decent sort of architect in biography, artist in letters, and man.

On one well-charted but seldom-avoided rock he does indeed run. "No case: abuse the defendant's wife," is nearly as common and nearly as futile a proceeding as the more celebrated one in slightly different terms. It is true that M. Lepelletier does not exactly abuse the *ex*-Madame Verlaine (as the poet used to call her), the present Madame Delporte. He does not mince her provocations, though he does not believe (a sensible attitude, since there is no possibility of disproving the fact) the worst of them. But he seems to think, and indeed practically says, that "it was her fault." One really does not see how, on his own showing, any fair judge could agree with him. No woman could possibly have got on with Verlaine as his wife, except an impossible angel of goodness and wisdom combined, or a person of the Gina Ekdal type, with no morals to shock, no taste to disgust, no feelings to hurt, and a sort of easy-going animal affection and toleration on the positive side. That Verlaine was a poet and a great poet—a poet such as France has not produced the match of, save in half a dozen cases at most, for centuries—the present writer has not the slightest doubt. That he was as a man, and when anywhere near his sober senses, likable and even lovable, there seems to be good evidence. That he *could* be in his sober senses, that enormous inconceivable dream-fantasy of his sojourn for more than a year in a Lincolnshire academy for young gentlemen, as well as his subsequent life at the Rethel seminary, seems to prove. But unluckily he was one of those extremely exceptional people who, in the eyes of temperance fanatics, constitute the majority of the human race. At an early age he seems to have become a confirmed drunkard, and unluckily he had *le vin mauvais*. Besides the notorious shooting affair with Rimbaud he seems, once at least, to have been on the point of pinking M. Lepelletier with the sword-stick which he had the awkward habit of carrying; and he came at last (at least on the evidence) to threatening if not actually assaulting his aged, ever-faithful and indulgent mother. A very young girl in the terrors of the Siege and Commune, with a husband coming home generally drunk and often disorderly, away from her at other times on military duty, where, to say the least, he did not distinguish himself, taking no care of her when he was (not too honourably) relieved from service, and finally obtruding on her the intolerable Rimbaud—Madame Verlaine must indeed have been superhuman if she had not revolted. For M. Lepelletier, while rejecting the ugliest scandals, admits to the fullest degree that Rimbaud, merely as a casual guest, was utterly and invariably intolerable. That he had a sort of glimmer of genius—a kind of sewer phosphorescence—may be granted, though it would be very delightful to have, from Swift in prose or from Aristophanes in verse, a passage on the vowel-sonnet and the people who have ever since been convinced at intervals that they have been "colour-hearing" all their lives. But all the same he was a charlatan-scoundrel-*gamin*—one of the most appalling combinations one can imagine—unmannered, insolent, idle, sulky; and he was thrust as parasite on a young girl (almost a bride) and her respectable family. No: Verlaine may have no case from this point of view, but we certainly shall not abuse his wife by way of diversion.

The fact is that it is only a fresh example of a perennial blunder to take the case up on this side at all. Little is left of Paul Verlaine now, nothing will be left shortly, but pure poetry; and there is enough of that in quality and quantity to keep itself sweet for ever, while Time and Death do their usual blessed office of abolishing or disinfecting the rest. The "Muse Verte" dies with each victim she torments and degrades; the other Muses live, and the work they have enabled their favourite to perform lives with them. Alike in "Sagesse" and in "Parallèlement," in "La Bonne Chanson" and in "Jadis et Naguère," there is not only the best that had ever been

* "Paul Verlaine: His Life, His Work." By Edmond Lepelletier. Translated by E. M. Lang. With Illustrations. 21s. net. (Werner Laurie.)



From a drawing by Gasals. **Paul Verlaine.**

From "Paul Verlaine," by Edmond Lepelletier. (T. Werner Laurie.)

in French poetry, but something that had never, or hardly ever, been in it before, and which is securely niched in it now. I have never been so sure as some critics are that this quality was not in the verses which I read more than forty years ago in the original "Parnasse"—the "Parnasse" without the sunburst on its title, but with it in its pages. At any rate it came afterwards, and it will stay. He said things that he should not have said; he did things (too many!) that he should not have done; and sometimes he wrote things that he had much better not have written. But all this we can do without; there is not the slightest difficulty in doing without it. Without his poetry those of us who care for poetry at all, and those who want to understand French poetry in its defects and its qualities, cannot do—never can do—without loss, as long as the world of letters endureth.

Therefore, though, as has been said, we have no serious quarrel with M. Lepelletier, we have just a little impatience with him. Ten pages of purely dispassionate and "chronicling" biography and Verlaine's "Works"—that is what the fit reader wants to enable him to understand Verlaine. The rest—the broken glasses and the exhausted scandals and shames, the follies and the faults, the *misères* in the French sense and the miseries in the English—let them all be swept away on to the dunghill, where the *un*fit reader may go and congenially rake for them if he pleases.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

MR. HEWLETT'S POEMS.*

The poems printed in this volume, Mr. Hewlett tells us in a note, include a selection from those which were published in 1896 under the title of "Songs and Meditations," and none written after 1898. It can come at any rate as no surprise even to those unaware of this first book that Mr. Hewlett's first bent was towards poetry, though, as he philosophically expresses it, "Songs and Meditations" "expired painlessly within a little time of birth." This is the transitory, if not the final fate of most early poetry. Among the unusual features of his romances is a dwelling on colour, extreme visual clearness, and a rather congested manner of expression more rarely met with in prose than verse. These features reappear conspicuously in the poems that make up this volume; but, though poetry triumphantly breaks through again and again, partly because of the last of these qualities the reader is often conscious of effort and of imperfect mastery.

The expression is not, as it were, at peace; the thought not entirely transmuted, and the versification sometimes a hindrance rather than an aid to its understanding. Words and phrases too frequently recur which refuse to submit themselves to their context, such as "sprinting toes," "wrappage," "cloud-wrapt fee," "the hurrier," "mannish-tune," "terre-tenant," "a yet-skimpt gown," "her blowy hair." These have been taken almost at random, and some are only just over the margin between terms that are rare because they are poetic and terms that are not poetic, at least in lyric or narrative verse, because they are far-fetched or bizarre or violent. This may appear to be very trivial fault-finding, but it will, perhaps, in part explain the painless decease Mr. Hewlett refers to in his note, and the slight hindrance which readers as philistine or obstinate as ourselves may encounter against their delight.

> "But yet again she broke out into scoff
> When one came homing breathless from the ships
> With news of portents babbling on his lips;
> How as he held his course on milk-smooth seas
> Standing for home, the holy Cyclades
> Were throng'd with maidens, white-rob'd, wing'd and tall,
> With hair like reedy gold, who one and all
> Stretcht out their arms to Delos, and so stood
> Motionless, prest for flight, in multitude
> More wildering than snow-flakes, or those flocks
> Of white sea-fowl that hive upon the rocks
> Of ghostly Leuke (where the Heroes are)."

No one will dispute the beauty and poetry of this passage, or of the following stanza:

> "On Latmos' side one drowsy summer night,
> Full of soft influences, dark delight,
> Lit fields of magic, chasms, ghostly trees
> Windless and calm, beneath the patient sight
> Of the full moon, Endymion stretcht at ease
> Upon the sward, lay wondering at the light."

"Latmos," indeed, the poem from which this stanza is taken, is all but free from this slight discomfort, and is as beautiful as a whole as it is in detail. But the following sonnet may serve to show, in spite of its keen and steadfast thought, the violence of phrase and collision of metaphor that tend, we think, to obscure and defeat its aim:

> "O'er the long hills of folded Arcady
> Fleets Artemis a-hunting of the deer,
> Voiceth the shrill wind, and with eager cheer
> Houndeth the laggard hounds to victory.
> With hair let wild, green-kirtled to the knee,
> Bare-throated, of high courage, supremely clear,
> She is the captain, she the holy fere
> Of all our world's immanent sanctity.
> For when before some vile imputed thought
> Standeth an untried soul, and leaps the sin,
> Truth's candid girdle splintereth all to nought
> The bloat offence; and leaveth truth to win
> Forth from her garner a shaft of Good untaught,
> Which flares to the monstrous hide, and quivereth in."

The slight difficulty of rhythm here and there in this sonnet brings us to a further remark in Mr. Hewlett's note. He writes: "Perhaps I may be excused for adding that the intended musical effect" of certain poems "can only be got by reading them as if they were written in prose. The natural stresses will then fall into their places in the scheme." Although this precept has in part at least the authority of that master of rhythm, Coleridge, and, we think, too, of Mr. Bridges, it is not quite so easy to follow as it appears to be. Does it not indeed involve a contradiction that poetry ever should be read as other than what it professes to be—poetry? Moreover, there is some little difficulty entailed in discovering how the eye and ear act naturally together in reading prose. All great prose has a certain definite though obscure rhythm, which is with a little attention easily measurable; which, too, becomes tedious only when it becomes too definite and obvious, and so encroaches on the province of verse. But in prose this rhythmic recurrence of stress is only, as it were, accidental, a charm thrown in; it is not obligatory on the writer, nor necessarily perceived by the reader. But when the reader is presented with poetry, which he would naturally read with a very clear idea in his mind of its precise measure, from which in its changes and vicissitudes of emotion and meaning the verse will sightly deviate, and is told to read it as if it were prose, he is at once in a dilemma more or less severe in proportion to the poet's rhythmic skill and emotional sincerity. He has first to fight against the desire to read the verse as if it were ordinary poetry, and he has next to discover as he goes along, if any difficulty arise, exactly how he would read it if it were merely ordinary prose. Good verse, in fact, will stand just so much contradiction of, friction in, and revolt against its mere jog-trot as is legitimately demanded by force of its passion, its emotion, its shades of meaning and so on. However it is read and however it is written, it will stand no more. It ceases to be verse the moment it deviates too widely or inexplicably from its definite metrical basis. As to when verse ceases to be poetry, that is of course a far more complex matter. Turning to Mr. Hewlett's poetry it will be found, we think, that if there is one thing in the world the courteous reader will not do regarding it, it is that which the poet's principle bids. For a page or two his verse (in the poems he rather arbitrarily instances) runs with perfect ease and freedom. All caveats and directions are forgotten; and, fortunately, they are not

* "Artemision. Idylls and Songs." By Maurice Hewlett. 3s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

set forth until the last page of his book. The imagination is perfectly happy; and then, perhaps, comes a catch. The eye returns at bidding of the ear, and in collaboration with the prosaic intellect is told to read in the metre of "From sight of bird, or beast, or man," these lines, say, as prose:

"As hilltops kindle at sunrise,"
"Full of light, served to imparadise,"
"With him deep in the woodland past,"

or, *vice versa*, this prose (which it is not) as a complete stanza of verse: "Thy face drinketh the light; moonlit, girdled with stars, sapphire-gemm'd, and adorn'd, thou art the lamp which burned from the beginning! The bars of Wisdom were overturn'd: Innocence claimed her birthright." Is it not obvious that the only way to read such lines *of* verse is to read them *as* verse? Thus only they must succeed, or fail. Mr. Hewlett's suggestion is, we think, as dangerous to the poet as it is disastrous for the reader.

Apart from these quibbles Mr. Hewlett's volume is remarkable in one very remarkable respect, inasmuch as it deals almost exclusively with one idea, with one ideal—the goddess Artemis—her youth, her solitude, her unconsidered purity and virginity, her wild, keen, unregarded beauty, her pitilessness, her power, her unearthly aloofness, her divinity. And when it is remembered how few are the poets of a spirit so austere, and possessed of so fine and exalted a sense of beauty, it will be one more quarrel to pick with a public that demands fiction and all but refuses all else. In this case, however, its first refusal has been unsuccessful, and we hope we may look forward to another volume of poems from Mr. Hewlett that shall bridge the rather wide gap, 1898 to 1909.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

FLORIO'S MONTAIGNE.*

Few writers can claim a corner in THE BOOKMAN more fittingly than Montaigne, for few have been on more friendly, familiar, and altogether companionable terms with books. He had, indeed, no desire to become a scholar—"a man, whom about mid-night, when others take their rest, thou seest coming out of his study meagre-looking, with eyes-trilling, flegmatike, squalide, and spauling." Nor, certainly, did he study books to get the fame of learning, for "Glorie and rest are things that cannot squat on one same forme," and "as for my selfe," he says, "I love no books, but such as are pleasant and easie, and which tickle me, or such as comfort and counsell me, to direct my life and death." Yet the best ten years of his life (1570–80) he spent wholly among books in that library "on the third storie of a tower" where we are almost as much at home as in our own. "The forme of it is round," our friend writes, "and hath no flat side, but what serveth for my table and chaire: In which bending or circling manner, at one looke it offreth me the sight of all my books, set round about upon shelves or desks, five rancks one upon another. It hath three bay-windows, of a farre-extending, rich and unresisted prospect, and is in diameter sixteene paces void." There, in those evil and troubled days, he found what he most valued—"Freedom and Tranquillity." There "without order, without method, and by peece-meales," he could "turn over and ransacke" such books as he chose, and at intervals do a little thinking or a little writing. "Sometimes," he says, "I muse and rave; and walking up and downe endight and enregister these my humours, these my conceits." His habit was to make extracts on subjects that interested him from such writers as Horace and Lucretius, or Cicero and Seneca, and then to add such remarks as his own fancy, experience, or historical knowledge suggested until there emerged something like one of the "Moral Essays" of Plutarch. For Plutarch was his great model—the master essayist "so universall and so full, that upon all occasions, and whatsoever extravagant subject you have undertaken, he intrudeth himselfe into you, and gently reacheth you a helpe-affording hand, fraught with rare embelishments, and inexhaustible of precious relics."

And yet between the old Greek and Montaigne the difference is great. Chatty, humorous, and full of anecdote as Plutarch is, yet he never takes us into his confidence. From his essays we learn little about the writer; from Montaigne we learn everything. He tells us about himself with the happy egoism of Horace, whose pleasant "talks" (*sermones*), the trick of which he borrowed from Lucilius, the world persists in calling "Satires"; and he is indeed a lineal descendant of the old Venusine, just as he is the direct ancestor of Charles Lamb. His garrulous style, doubtless, does not please some severe tastes. "Il faisait trop d'histoires, parlait trop de soi," said Pascal of him, and Scaliger professed a scholarly indifference "whether he drank white wine or red." But for one reader of Scaliger or Pascal there will always be a hundred of Montaigne. Philosophy and learning are great things, but human nature counts for more. We all love those who will be open with us, and speak honestly even of their foibles, so that Montaigne goes straight to our heart when he begins his Preface with the words, "C'est icy un livre de bonne foi, lecteur." We feel from the first that we can trust him, and we see him as he is, "in his own genuine, simple, and ordinarie fashion," and indeed almost "tout entier et tout nud," though perhaps a *caveat* should be entered when he says that he writes "without contention, art, or study," for the one thing which he invariably seeks to disguise is his literary skill. His essays, he assures us, are "a mingle-mangle"; he loves in writing "to go by friskes, skips, and jumps"; or else "unquietly and staggering, with a natural drunkennesse." Or again he says: "I would adventure to write and treat of some matter to the depth; knew I myself lesse, or were I deceived in mine owne impuissance; Scattering here one and there another word: Scantlings taken from their maine ground-work, disorderly dispersed, without any well-grounded designe and promise." But such language must assuredly only be accepted with reserve. Ease in writing does not come by chance, and happy negligence is not unstudied in an essayist any more than in a coquette. "In an idle hour," says Horace, "I jot my thoughts on paper," and Lamb calls his essays "desultory and unmethodical," but no two writers employ more elaborate or conscious art. And it is the same with Montaigne. For, indeed, he is a master of monologue, and monologue, whether on the stage, in society, or in a book, unless used with the finest skill, leads inevitably to boredom. But Montaigne neither bores us nor sends us to sleep. He may be read of an evening, in an armchair, and by the fire without fear of somnolence. Rather he tranquillises us, and talks so pleasantly about his own "conditions and humours," his own way of dealing with life, that he sets us musing over our own moods and methods, dreamily, perhaps, and incoherently, but seriously and not without profit, while, should we begin to nod, then, to use his own word, he "tickles" us. But "tickling" is a delicate art to which only the fewest of those who discourse on life, morals, and philosophy ever attain, and the fact that Montaigne uses it so effectively is a proof not of the simplicity, but of the subtlety of his style.

He does not, however, please only by his style. There is stuff in him as well. He has thought much and carefully on all he writes about. Lofty, indeed, his thoughts are not: "transcending humours affrighted" him as much as "steepy, high and inaccessible places," while about the highest of

* "The Essayes of Michael, Lord of Montaigne." John Florio's Translation, edited with an Introduction by Thomas Seccombe. 3 vols. 31s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

all themes, the relation of man to the Infinite, it may be doubted whether he troubled himself at all. "I find nothing," he writes almost in his latest sentences, "so humble and mortall in Alexander's life as his concepts about his immortalisation," and his own "concepts" on the subject were probably few. But on the other hand, in spite of certain passages which might well be blotted, he did set himself soberly and seriously to deal with whatever concerns this life and its government. Nor is the task altogether an unworthy one. It was the chief task of ancient philosophy, and while human nature remains it must closely concern humanity. We cannot always view things *sub specie æternitatis*, nor, if we could and did, is it easy to see how the business of this workaday world could be carried on. We all tread the common earth, and for whatever flights the soul may at times "imp its wings," we have yet all our humble daily and common duties to be got through, if not well, at least decently. "Les plus belles vies," says Montaigne in his closing page, "sont, à mon grè, celles qui se rengent au modèle commun et humain avecques ordre, mais sans miracle, sans extravagance," and although the thought is partial and incomplete, it has yet much truth in it. Things would go better with most folk if they would learn to walk "orderly," as Montaigne would have them do, to be merry while they may, and when sick, whether in body or mind, to physic themselves, without resort to the "doctrines, positions, prescriptions, magistrall fopperies and prosopopeyall gravity" of any faculty, or even if "troubled with the gravell" to bear it manfully as being something of which "the society is honourable" unto them, "forsomuch as it commonly possesseth the better sort of men." It is, doubtless, only a poor and imperfect philosophy that can only teach us to live tranquilly and make the best of things, and, as we age, "to shroud and shrugg ourselves into our shell, as a tortoise," waiting composedly for the end, but after all it helps many of us over some difficulties, and we should be grateful to it. Epicurus among his pot-herbs, Horace strolling round his farm or in the forum, and Montaigne idling among his books do not attempt, like the grave and bearded Stoics, to impose upon us as great men, nor indeed are they such. They are not guides to whom we should trust ourselves among the heights, but, while we trudge along the highway and the lower levels, they help us to bear our pack more lightly and to step out, at least, more jauntily.

For the rest, to praise Florio's translation is needless. No such translation can ever be made again, for, as Mr. Seccombe puts it in his excellent Introduction, "he has the immense advantage of writing in the vivid, embroidered, yet soldierly and direct prose of the age of Elizabeth. and so he represents the quaintness and naïveté of Montaigne as no one else can." His work will always remain one of our great English classics, and Mr. Grant Richards deserves every praise for publishing it in these noble volumes, which are in every way models of what a great edition of a great writer should be.

T. E. PAGE.

PRINCIPAL STORY.*

This is a human biography. There is no attempt to treat its subject from an ideal standpoint. A note of sincerity pervades the whole volume. This will win readers of every shade of opinion, and prejudice and opposition will be at once disarmed. Dr. Story's daughters have accordingly achieved much; they have produced a book in which there is no pretence, no attempt to represent their father in any light but a true one. They might have been tempted to do otherwise. Their filial devotion might have led them into undue appreciation, and the unpopular stand which he not infrequently took against men and movements that appealed to the majority might well have induced them to apologise for his words and actions. But they have resisted these two temptations; their work displays a singular power of detachment, and the conduct of their father in relation to causes which it would have been much easier for him to have supported than to have condemned is clearly stated and allowed to speak for itself.

The book is a well-balanced performance; no part of it is dragged out to undue length, and the ample materials at their disposal are utilised by the writers with much skill. Letters, anecdotes, extracts from published writings and speeches, are interwoven with the narrative, and the reader is not wearied by overwought paragraphs or by tedious and uninteresting details. It may be that in the eyes of some Dr. Story attained to real greatness after he became Professor and Principal of Glasgow University, but the authors have shown a true instinct in elaborating that part of the biography which deals with his life and ministry at Rosneath. Full justice is done to his public utterances, to his speeches in the General Assembly, to the controversies in which he took a prominent part. His share in the different theological and ecclesiastical movements of the day is fully dealt with, and his literary activity, which resulted in a series of publications, chiefly on the history of the Church, that stamped him at once as an independent thinker and a writer of no mean order, receives the attention which it deserves. But it is as the parish minister of Rosneath that he will win the admiration and even the affection of the readers of this biography.

One is always glad to come across a genuine bit of portraiture, and doubly glad when the picture reverses the popular estimate and reveals the man in a light different from that in which he was regarded while in life. That the memoir accomplishes this is perhaps the highest praise that can be given to it; and it is in the earlier part of the volume, which deals with Dr. Story's life when minister of Rosneath, that we find the true man revealed and the popular judgment reversed. For the late Principal of Glasgow University did rouse much public opposition. He was not in the habit of mincing matters, he had a sharp tongue, and spoke out forcibly his thoughts and convictions. Men were accordingly to be excused in forming a somewhat unfavourable opinion of him, especially those whom he attacked or who were opposed to his views and policy. Had this memoir not appeared, Dr. Story would in the eyes of many have been harshly and unjustly judged. Here we find the real man, the man as he was known to his parishioners, his intimate friends and family—kind, generous, and tender, full of anxious care for those over whom he was placed, ministering to them with something like apostolic devotion, and ready even to risk his life in their service. He is also seen laughing good-naturedly at his own occasional violent onslaughts, and hoping that he had not unduly wounded the feelings of an opponent whom he had recently attacked. Indeed, he is found, afterwards, on the most friendly terms with this same opponent. There was no malice in his nature, his conduct was always clear and above-board. This was felt even in his lifetime, and in this biography we have the additional and valuable testimony to his native sympathy and charity.

The authors make no special effort to show what their father did for the Church of Scotland, the University of Glasgow, and through them for the country at large. But the reader is able to appraise his services. He has left the record of an ideal parish minister, and there is no character that appeals more strongly to the Scottish heart.

* "Memoir of Robert Herbert Story, D.D., LL.D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, One of His Majesty's Chaplains in Scotland." By his Daughters. 10s. 6d. net. (Glasgow: James Maclehose & Sons.)

His influence in this respect alone is bound to be deep and far-reaching. He always stood for freedom of thought and progress. He did much to break down the old theological ramparts which impeded the advance of the Scottish Church; he improved her services and gave her a wider outlook upon life as a whole. His writings have done much to bring the history of the Church into clear relief, and to defend her against the attacks of those who, while admitting her nationality, would deny her membership in the great Church Catholic. He threw himself heart and soul into the movement for the extension of the University over which he presided, and he was always ready to take an active and leading part in any movement that was for the benefit of the people as a whole. In every effort which he made or position which he adopted we find the same man. Frankness, sincerity, and fearlessness characterised all his actions. He could not be other than he was. This he once confessed to Mrs. Oliphant, who thought that in his memoir of his father he was a little hard on the Free Kirk. "You must concede," he replied, "a little asperity in the matter of the Free Kirk. It would not be my book without it."

It may be rather soon to adjudge the place which Dr. Story will occupy in the history of the Scottish Church and in the national life of Scotland, but it will be universally admitted that he was in the line of descent from Norman McLeod and John Tulloch. He was the last of that band who combined intellectual culture with public spirit, and who, as Churchmen, led the nation as a whole towards a broader conception of religion and of human life. He has left no successor, and Scotland is by so much the poorer.

D. MACMILLAN.

A FAIRY PLAY.*

The charm, the delicate fancy, the insight and rare imagination of this fairy play (admirably translated by Mr. Alexander Teixeira de Mattos), will appeal as strongly to "grown-ups" as to children—as all good fairy tales should appeal. Tyltyl and Mytyl, the woodcutter's children, are roused from sleep by the fairy Bérylune, to go in quest of the Blue Bird, and Light, and Bread, Fire and Water, and Sugar, the Cat and the Dog are their companions. Tylô, the Dog, is the happiest creation in the whole play. His devotion to man, his obsequiousness, and his fidelity are only equalled by his boisterous chattering. He talks like a dog, and it is wonderful — this revelation of his character. But M. Maeterlinck has not done justice to the Cat. True, most cats have their own business to attend to, and can never pretend that man is their master as the dog does, but this indifference is not akin to treachery, as M. Maeterlinck would have us believe. Furnished with a magic diamond, Tyltyl and his fellow travellers visit the Land of Memory, and talk with Granny Tyl and Gaffer Tyl, who are dead, but are always waiting for a visit from those who are alive. ("Every time you think of us we wake up and see you again," Granny explains.) Then through the Palace of Night where ghosts and sicknesses, fading away before the onslaughts of man, are kept, the Forest is reached. Here we have a delightful scene, for the souls of trees and animals state their case against man, and urged on by the Cat, make a fierce attack on the children; but Tylô saves the situation, and even in the moment of onslaught the fear of man is on the hearts of many of the trees and animals. In the kingdom of the Future, where children wait that are yet to be born, only Tyltyl and Mytyl and Light are allowed to enter. Time opens the great opal doors presently, and in the gallery of Dawn with its white and gold sails selects a number of the waiting for the journey to Earth. In the last act Tyltyl and Mytyl are once more in the woodcutter's cottage. We believe "The Blue Bird" has been produced on the stage on the Continent; we hope to see it done in England. It is a real fairy play.

* 'The Blue Bird." A Fairy Play in Five Acts. By Maurice Maeterlinck. 3s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

THE ART OF WILLIAM BLAKE.*

This is a good book, and a clever book, but it leaves one with a sense of disappointment. Its judgment and its adroitness are indisputable; no one can read the book without feeling that Mr. de Selincourt has studied Blake with intelligence and admires him with discretion, and yet the result of his study and admiration has one serious shortcoming. Take it where you will, the book is not "likeable." It begins with a grudging, depreciatory reference to Mr. Arthur Symons, and with this false start the reader's sympathy is at once disturbed, if not positively alienated. Mr. Symons's Life of Blake was a distinguished, self-respecting piece of work. It dealt, in the best spirit of biography, with the intimate connection between the facts of Blake's life and the fancies of his art, and it put the art in such relation with the life as to render the one

* "William Blake." By Basil de Selincourt. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth & Co.)

Mystery (British Museum).

From "William Blake," by Basil de Selincourt. (Duckworth.)

explicable only in the light of the other. It is no disrespect to Mr. de Selincourt's monograph to say that it nowhere approaches Mr. Symons's either in lucidity or in depth. One would not easily expect it to do so; but one would expect any later critic of Blake to appreciate his own indebtedness to Mr. Symons's scholarly judgment and insight. In the matter of manners Mr. de Selincourt puts himself out of court at the very start of a naturally difficult undertaking.

Manners, however, are not the entire equipment of a critic, and Mr. de Selincourt shows himself to be endowed with a fair share of other capacities. His sympathy with Blake keeps always on the windy side of idolatry, and even sinks at times below that modest level of enthusiasm which one would naturally look to find in any writer who ventured to speak of Blake at all. This book, indeed, will scarcely please the thorough-going enthusiast: a good deal of its depreciation is all but acid. But, no doubt, it might be argued with some show of reason that Blake has had enough praise at the hands of the unreasoning admirer, and that it can only be good for his fame to be subjected to careful comment. And as a matter of fact his art does not suffer much deterioration under Mr. de Selincourt's analysis. *Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit*, as indeed all true art should do, when subjected to intelligent judgment.

The study, then, must be considered as an exercise chiefly in art-criticism, and that in a spirit of occasionally mild eulogy, and scarcely ever of unalloyed acceptance. Such criticism is, in the nature of things, less popularly attractive than warmer appreciation, and it is this tepid atmosphere of the half-mood which deprives the book of clear-cut impression. There are many good things said, and the estimate of Blake's designs is particularly thoughtful, but no one who goes to the book without a very clear conception of Blake's individuality will carry much away with him. It is difficult, therefore, to see precisely whom the book is to please. The expert will probably be annoyed by the half-heartedness of the critic's praise; the novice will be confused by the lack of a thoroughly lucid and definite exposition. It is to be feared that the whole thing falls between two stools. And yet there is better work in parts of it than in many a more glib and companionable success.

ARTHUR WAUGH.

FRATERNITY.*

In "Fraternity" we get, as we are sure of getting from Mr. Galsworthy, a book of admirable form and of a grave intellectual beauty. We get also a chill destructive humour, many skilful and conscientious pictures, and, by the way, a portrait of a dog equal to that of John in "A Country House." The scene is Kensington, and we leave it only once, and that for a brief excursion to the Euston Road. Half of the characters belong to a family in the very comfortable professional class; the other half are "shadows" of these, and live their similar lives in the poorest quarters. The two are brought together chiefly by the fact that Ivy Barton, a friendless young girl living in the house of the poor family, goes first as a model and then as amanuensis to the other house, and in both disturbs the relations of husband and wife. Excellently clear and proportioned is the total picture painted of Kensington by day and by night: the luxurious houses, the big shops, the passing crowd, the squalid streets, the gardens delicately fair in spring, the sky overhead, the wind blowing through the world.

The chief character is Hilary Dallison, a literary man. He and his brother Stephen, a barrister, married two sisters. He is childless and estranged from his wife, Bianca, who paints. Stephen and Cecilia have one child, Thyme, and everything else they want. All these people are from time to time reminded of the existence of their "shadows" in the slums, and we are shown how, in different ways, their position prevents them from going very far in sympathy and compels them sometimes to withdraw into themselves defensively and even offensively. Cecilia is touched by the sight of the poor old newspaper man, but hesitates very little before buying a new dress the same day; she sends away the half-starved Mrs. Hughs, who does her mending, when she hears that Hughs is annoying Hilary. Stephen is satisfied with the "proper channels" for charity. Thyme goes slumming with her cousin, a crude young doctor, and will have nothing to do with sentimentality, but cannot stand the smells. Bianca makes a telling picture out of the model, but under the spell of jealousy class hatred enters her anger. Hilary thinks of taking the model away with him to the Continent; but as he was kissing her "The scent of stale violet powder came from her, warmed by her humanity. It penetrated to Hilary's heart. He started back in sheer physical revolt," and he left her. It is he who asks, "Isn't a social conscience, broadly speaking, the result of comfort and security?" and "Doesn't comfort also destroy the power of action?" By way of chorus, there is old Mr. Stone, father of Bianca, dictating his book on Brotherhood to the model, and often quoting it; the quotations have often an unforced effectiveness as comments on the state of things in Kensington. On p. 217 the death of a child turns him into a true poet.

The book is like an elaboration of one of Mr. Galsworthy's masterly studies in "A Commentary." They were personifications rather than character studies. In "Fraternity" there are no characters. Mr. Galsworthy touches nobody in the middle class without belittling them. In real life these "amateur" people, whose nerves of action are atrophied, are powerless and indefinite enough; but Mr. Galsworthy has all but dissolved them into molluscs in his irony. In a day or two we forget them and remember only that they were pretty virtuous and well-intentioned, intelligent persons, and that one of them collected coins and another wore Harris tweed. That is inevitable; he is interested not in persons, but in ideas and the state of society. In a few weeks we shall remember only that they were all helpless, and that Kensington is a district of hell. In a year we shall perhaps remember Mr. Galsworthy's precise and thrifty style and his sad interest in humanity, and perhaps a whiff of spring in Kensington Gardens or a saying of old Mr. Stone's or the picture of Hilary standing by while the model was buying herself a complete new set of clothes at his expense.

The author regards the class he chooses to write about most as half dead. His book is a deathly book; untrue, but too mildly untrue to be of much value as satire. Considering Mr. Galsworthy's rare talent and the ineffectiveness of this book, we cannot but conclude that his method is astray.

EDWARD THOMAS.

* "Fraternity." By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Heinemann.)

GATLING-GUN PHILOSOPHY.*

Philosophical systems, says Dr. Sera, have too often consisted of an unending series of purposeless syllogisms; and there is more than a spice of truth in his contention. Philosophy influences humanity in proportion as it keeps a grip on the facts of everyday life. That it has not done. It has, for example, fastened upon little intellectual operations, which matter nothing at all to the mass of mankind,

* "On the Tracks of Life: The Immorality of Morality." Translated from the Italian of Leo G. Sera by J. M. Kennedy, with an Introduction by Dr. Oscar Levy. 7s. 6d. net. (Lane.)

to the exclusion of big emotions which affect all. Instead of weighing up what it did know, it has lost itself in trying to find out what the brain is capable of knowing. Though politics and religion, two highly philosophical subjects, have the reputation of interesting almost every man, few men are interested in philosophy. It is too high and dry, too dehumanised, too pure. In relation to daily life it is of less value than the crudest of religions.

Opposed to the academic philosophers, there has arisen a school which, if not originated by Nietzsche's work, was at all events greatly stimulated thereby. It is critical rather than systematic; realistic rather than idealistic, though its exponents would usually be dubbed idealists; and it has a scientific indifference to propriety. It burks nothing that is human; it ranges up and down the world of ideas, smashing each one that rings hollow. In short, by netting every ascertainable fact, by demolishing every ill-founded opinion, and by questioning all things, sacred and profane, it prepares the way for new and further-reaching syllogisms. Whether or no its conclusions are palatable, at least its processes are useful. It is psychological in the artist's, not the pedant's sense of the word. "Man, know thy whole self as thou art!" might be its motto.

To that school Dr. Sera belongs. He carries, indeed, its methods to an extreme. How far his incoherence in English is due to translation, how far to his own style of thinking and writing, how far to his ranging, in the manner aforesaid, up and down the world of ideas, seeking what he may devour, we do not know. He undertook to write a fighting work, and he has done it. "On the Tracks of Life" is a philosophical Gatling gun; it shoots so many bullets so fast that whatever the number of misses may be, there are certainly a good many hits.

In Dr. Sera's opinion, democracy has resulted in a vulgarising and weakening of knowledge. "The absurd and paradoxical consequence is that the intellect, the divine renovating force, threatens to be lost in the general shipwreck caused by the spread of education itself." It is therefore necessary for him "who loves to see men beautiful, strong, serene, and free," to "reaffirm and, so to speak, renovate life's *golden values*." Universal mediocrity *versus* a predominant aristocracy is his main problem. Before considering the "Origin of Society," he writes two chapters, one on "Love" and one on "What is Aristocracy?" For in his view love, or sexuality, is intimately bound up with the problem. The origin of society, he holds, has been too much confused with the origin of races. According to him, the human race must have spread from tropical zones where food is plentiful to temperate zones where food has to be worked for. The weaker, being driven out to the more sterile regions, had to organise themselves in order to get sustenance from the earth. Hence society as a form of co-operation, morals and religion to repress and console, and law to keep the individual in his place—all, in short, that makes up what Dr. Sera calls sociality. At the opposite pole to sociality, in his view, is sexuality; that which not only reproduces life and expresses vitality, but, by stimulating, renovates; which is characteristic of aristocratic types and periods. "Work, then, is a transitory social, and not a permanent factor, with determined and special conditions of development." The aristocrat abhors disciplined task-work. He has too much vitality.

> "The aristocratic type springs from all classes; it expresses, so to speak, the strength of the species, and may arise sporadically anywhere, . . . and accomplishes in its own life what would normally not result for many generations. . . .
>
> "The types of activity which our morality more or less explicitly condemns (aristocratic tendencies, sexual and economic dissipation) have, in my opinion, a very high function for the race, and render possible the propagation and continuation of human society, which would otherwise, from many deteriorating causes, die out."

From that standpoint, in a series of chapters on "Modesty and Shyness," "North and South," "The Creation of Genius," and so forth, together with chapters on Stendhal and Nietzsche, Dr. Sera fires off his Gatling gun at modernity, and analyses contemporary tendencies, with much acuteness and even more vigour. Not every criticism is so sound as his disquisition on classes:

> "There is a magnanimity about the plebeians in making a continual sacrifice of their persons and often of their own lives with a stoicism which, if it be sometimes unknown to themselves, is at other times really superior disdain. With few or no attachments to life, they often show themselves indifferent to it; and, both in their disputes and in the risks they run, they exhibit a courage and indifference to death which are found only in brave men.
>
> "By the complete yielding up of themselves which they are always doing, and by the dissipation of their own lives, the plebeians bear some resemblance to the aristocratic type, and this latter type has much more in common with the former than with the middle-class type. . . . [The middle class] are unable to forget the minor virtues of economy and prudence, which enabled them to rise and obtain wealth, and they seem even morally to be miserly of themselves and of their sentiments. They do not live sincerely in the presence of their ideas."

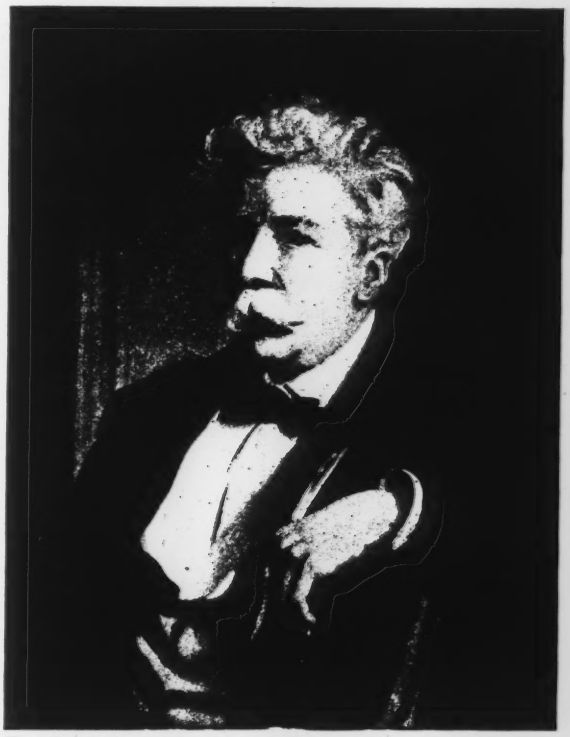
Not every bullet so finds its mark. But whether right or not, Dr. Sera's standpoint is a good one for criticism, and he does succeed in making a most brilliant splash, if only because he goes against the current of modern conventional notions. That the book is interesting there can be no question at all.

Stephen Reynolds.

"TOBY, M.P.," REMINISCENT.*

Sixty years in the "wilderness," as Mr. H. W. Lucy quaintly describes modern journalism, should give a man, especially if he possesses, as "Toby, M.P.," has always possessed, the discrimination, the knack of always being interested in life, the facility, the humour and the geniality of the born pressman, more than ample materials for the making of an attractive autobiography; and in the volume of reminiscences which this veteran journalist has just

* "Sixty Years in the Wilderness." By Henry W. Lucy. 12s. 6d. net. (Smith, Elder & Co.)



From the painting by John Sargent, R.A. **Mr. H. W. Lucy.**

issued he turns to delightful account a career that has been rich in opportunities and experiences. For a long while now he has been one of the most popular personages in Fleet Street, and his book should win a far larger circle of admirers for a writer who cannot put pen to paper without revealing the sunniness and sturdiness of his temper. This is a record of labours patiently overcome, and of friendships loyally maintained. Never afraid of work, so long as it did not involve early rising—"It is worry," he says, "that kills, not work"—and thrust by the special duties of his profession into the centre of human activity, he has had the chance of meeting many of the most remarkable of his contemporaries, and no reader of *Punch* or the *Daily News* of some years ago will need to be told how keen are his powers of observation or with what zest he can set down his impressions.

Mr. Lucy was born at Crosby, near Liverpool, in 1844 or 1845; his parents could never decide between the two years, but their son himself—and here we can almost see his eyes twinkling—with a thought of old-age pensions, prefers the earlier date. From the local school, where his companions chose to regard his surname as the Christian name of a girl, he was taken away when no more than eleven or twelve, and set to start earning his living as an office-boy. For eight years he served an eccentric dealer in hides and velonia, who used to call him "Henery" and give him, when in affable moods, bouquets of faded flowers. But already the passion for scribbling had seized young Lucy, and at twenty he was a reporter on a Shrewsbury newspaper. One year later he was editor, part-proprietor, and almost sole contributor to a journal which died almost still-born; but with an optimism that has never forsaken him he took the grand plunge and came up to London as a "free lance." Enduring for a time severe straits, but never slackening in his application, he won his way to the Press Gallery, and to the famous table of Mr. Punch, and from the 'seventies his fame has steadily extended; nay—and this perhaps is the greatest compliment ever paid him—in 1904, when the paper he was writing for had no box in the Gallery, the Speaker created a precedent by allowing him access in his own name. He once filled an editor's chair, the newspaper in question being the *Daily News*, but he took up his task amid all the turmoil and anxieties of the Home Rule era, and was glad to surrender his post within eighteen months of his appointment. The humours of Parliament were more to his taste.

Mr. Lucy has known many political secrets, and when there is no longer any necessity for concealment, he reveals them. So we learn much from this book about the negotiations between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain subsequent to the Home Rule split and their ultimate failure. We are informed how Mr. Gladstone shook his head when he was told of the Liberal majority of forty in the 1892 election, and said sadly in a low, grave voice, "Too small! too small"; he had counted on a hundred. Or we are told how in 1900 Mr. Chamberlain specifically denied that he wanted to be Prime Minister of the Unionist Party, and confessed that it had been different fifteen years before. Had he become Liberal Premier, he declared, "you would have seen established that condition of Liberal Imperialism of which Rosebery and others futilely talk to-day." Mr. Lucy too can show us statesmen in undress—Gladstone talking of John Bright's neglect of his health and of his going late in life for advice to some anonymous person of whom he spoke oracularly. "But," added Mr. Gladstone with "that curious approach to a wink" that sometimes varied his grave aspect, "he would never tell his name or say where he lived." Or we hear how Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings, desiring to get from Gibraltar to Tangier and having a difficulty about procuring cabins in the only vessel—a sloop—which could take them, caused the captain some concern, till addressing the young-looking Mr. Chamberlain he said, "It's all right, young man; you'll be comfortable enough on the floor and I'll put your father up in my bunk!"

Mr. Lucy, again, has a pretty tale to tell of a meeting which took place at his table between Ellen Terry and Mr. Balfour. While the conversation was going on the actress remained strangely silent. Presently the Unionist leader had to leave for the House of Commons, and Ellen Terry at last found her tongue. Her host had imagined that she might have been bored, but she quickly undeceived him. "Bringing her closed hand down on the table, she exclaimed with a glance towards the door through which Mr. Balfour had passed, 'I think that's a duck of a man.'" Nor in his anecdotal vein does "Toby, M.P.," mind telling a story against himself. Once when with Lord Charles Beresford he was kept longer than was anticipated on the *Magnificent*, whereupon the popular admiral semaphored to Mrs. Lucy telling her she might expect her husband to lunch the next day. The message began: "From Lord Charles Beresford, *Magnificent*. Mr. Lucy will be home," but the stops got misplaced, and so the wire ran: "Magnificent Mr. Lucy will be home." Ever since then Lord Charles has addressed him as "Magnificent Mr. Lucy." Finally the famous lobbyist once complained (he informs us) to Edmund Yates of the *World* that his successor on that paper was "masquerading in my clothes." The retort was inevitable. "My dear Lucy," replied Yates, "there is no one on our staff whom your clothes would fit." These are but samples taken at random from a book which is a mine of entertaining anecdotes.

F. G. BETTANY.

A BOOK OF ESSAYS.*

"Le vieux jeu, c'est le mieux jeu." Some of Mrs. Wedgwood's essays date back as long ago as 1870, and although the latest of them—a notably temperate and impartial estimate of John Ruskin—was published as recently as 1900, all of them breathe the spirit and speak the language of a generation that has passed away. Perpending the book deliberately, we are confirmed in our opinion that the present age has no ground for self-congratulation in the altered tone and temper of the criticism that is characteristic of it. Resolute in its refusal to admit dulness, it has almost closed its doors against sobriety, and, on the other side, extending an unscrutinising admission to clever brilliance, it has let in an attendant press of shallow, garish meretriciousness.

It is in this sense that Mrs. Wedgwood's work belongs to a past generation. If for purposes of journalistic convenience we must pick epithets whereby to classify it, we must seek them in the glossary of the tribunal, not the salon. Brilliant, clever, witty, quick, party-passionate—these adjectives must be rejected as not proper to the essays before us. But strong, scholarly, wise, deliberate, judicial—any, and in varying degree, all of these may be justified abundantly. And especially the last. If Mrs. Wedgwood has a passion it is for justice; and there is something felicitous in the fact that the best criticism of her work is supplied ready to a reviewer's hand in her own criticism of one of these nineteenth-century teachers, that great editor Richard Holt Hutton.

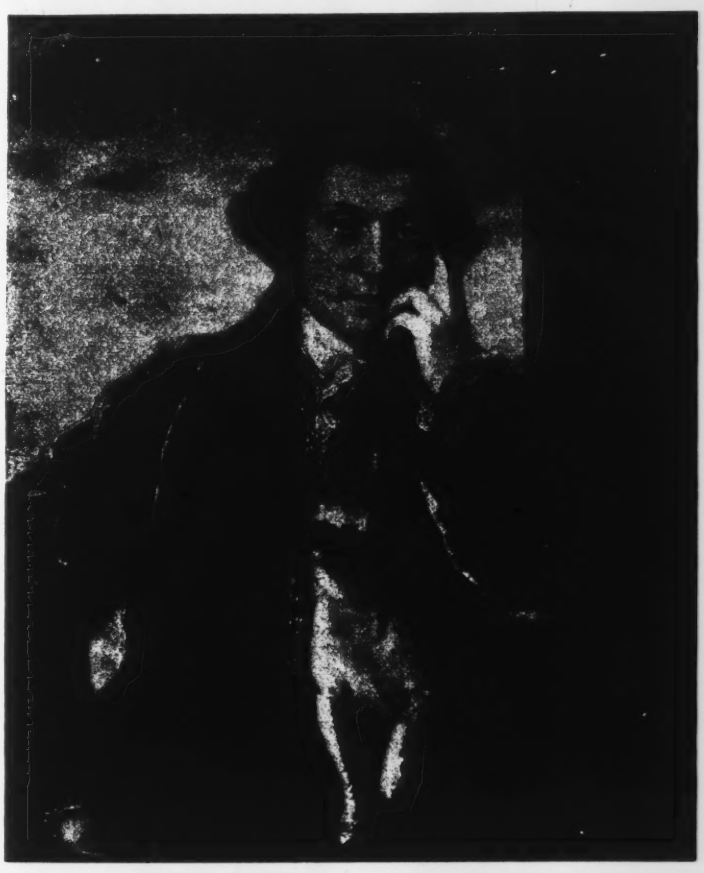
The defects of Hutton's virtues which Mrs. Wedgwood indicates are apparent in her own work, and are equally certain to limit the range of her influence. "Nothing," she says, "that he has written is bitter or stinging, or pregnant with *innuendo*. Think of all that he cut off in that renunciation! Remove ill nature, and how much of what the world calls wit would remain? Perhaps the best, but how vastly reduced in amount!" "Nothing," she admits immediately, "is really less dull than justice. Were it

* "Nineteenth-Century Teachers, and Other Essays." By Julia Wedgwood. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

less rare it would be recognised as the spring of literary no less than of moral excellence"—a characteristic interpolation, this, of Mrs. Wedgwood's acute, yet austere, mind. "But the renunciation of epigram precedes the attainment of that delicate accuracy of interpretation which is as much more satisfying as it is more rare. Perfect justice is perfect literature, but imperfect justice lacks the piquancy of slashing abuse without necessarily attaining the subtle grace of accurate discrimination." And next, Mrs. Wedgwood allows that "a critic who aims, above all things, at doing no injustice to any one whom he mentions, whatever his other excellencies, will rarely attain that of a simple style. Justice, either in what we must reluctantly call the true sense of the word as an impartial estimate of praise and blame, or in Hutton's sense of a careful allotment of every word of praise that can sincerely be given, is not a simple thing. The endeavour to strain away from criticism every word that is untrue in itself, and then again every word that, being true in itself, is yet misleading in its general connotation, as so many true words are—this is an endeavour which the exigencies of periodical writing almost inevitably associate with an involved style."

The words quoted are applicable to Mrs. Wedgwood herself. Her style lacks piquancy and translucency, and the superficial reader will find little in it to tickle his palate or satisfy his appetite. But, *laus Deo*, there are others, even in these days. It is to the credit of the past generation that there should have been a demand for work of this quality and a supply of it in its periodical press. The *Spectator* and the *Contemporary Review* were the medium through which these essays were first given to the world. It will be to the credit of the present generation if it can produce a sufficient number of readers enamoured of pure literature to reward the enterprise displayed in their recovery from the cob-webbed obscurity of old files and their ceremonious re-presentation in this dignified volume. Like enterprise has rarely been devoted to a worthier object. With many of Mrs. Wedgwood's opinions we may disagree; we may even deny the truth of some of her dogmatic declarations; but there is nothing trivial or superficial in any thought which she has here invested with words. In this volume is embodied the ripe thought of a highly conscientious, exceptionally cultivated woman; and the thought is often expressed in language which only falls from the lips of those who have clear spiritual vision. These essays are valuable for the interpretation they give of some of the greatest intellectual figures of the nineteenth century; they are even more valuable for the unconscious self-revelation of their greatly gifted author.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.



From a portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, in the possession of the Earl of Rosebery.

George Selwyn and his Dog "Râton."

From "George Selwyn and the Wits," by S. Parnell Kerr. (Methuen.)

A FINE GENTLEMAN.*

The day of the fine gentleman is gone, it is to be hoped, never to return. His calm airs of superiority to the rest of mankind must have been excruciatingly irritating except to those who aped his manners and to those—a company more numerous than is generally recognised—who would rather be kicked than ignored. So great was the offender's self-complacency that the ordinary rebuke or insult glided off him like water off a duck's back; it took a Johnson to pierce through the hide of a Chesterfield.

As a matter of fact, the fine gentleman of the Georgian era—the last of the race was Sir Sedley Beaudesert in "The Caxtons"—was no whit superior to his fellows in any way, excelling them only in arrogance; the majority of him was not more wise or more witty or more wealthy than those who, though in society, were without the exclusive pale; the majority of him was not even taller than the rest—and, other things being equal, a tall *beau* is preferable to a short one, there being less finery to the square inch. It happened even, now and then, that a young man with an abundance of self-confidence, a sense of humour, and the ability to pose, with little or no money and no parentage to brag about, calmly pushed the mediocrities aside and stepped to the front, taking the lead from the patricians and reigning over aristocratic society by virtue of audacity and intelligence. Such a one was the great Brummell, most magnificent of dandies, living now, a century after his abdication, in the pages of Barbey d'Aurevilly; and such another, in the days when George Selwyn came upon the town and first ruled the roost at the London clubs, was Nash, most autocratic of dictators at society's own pet watering-place in the beautiful Somersetshire valley.

Many will regard it as heresy to mention Nash and Brummell in the same breath as Selwyn; yet these men did positive good, whereas Selwyn did nothing at all. Nash tamed the fiery spirits of society and trimmed the arrogance of the leaders of the *beau monde*; Brummell carried on the good work after an interval of two-score years, and inculcated the precepts of cleanliness, refinement, and simple dressing; Selwyn was merely a *flâneur*. Notwithstanding, the last is a name with which to conjure; the very mention of him suggests the best attributes of the Georgian exquisite—who must not be confused with

* "George Selwyn and the Wits." By S. Parnell Kerr. 12s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

the buck of the same era; and he is thought of as the incarnation of wit, good breeding, and "clubability." Clubable he was, undoubtedly; but well-bred in the modern sense of the expression he was not, for, like the rest of the men of his set, he would sacrifice every social decency to say a good thing—a failing that may be noted also in the wits of the last century—those of the twentieth century are, of course, immaculate. Selwyn's wit, set down in cold print, is not very exhilarating; as Thackeray said, "The humour has evaporated in the bottling." He was a noted talker in the West End—a few hundred yards east was a yet more distinguished monologist, pursuing his idea of a conversation night after night: but Walpole, who is Selwyn's Boswell, is compelled to admit that the demureness with which his friend uttered a good thing gave zest to it. The air was the thing with George, for certainly his manner must have been better than his matter, since, now that the former is gone, the savour of the jests is lost. Even Mr. Parnell Kerr, in the chapter of his excellent memoir, "Mr. Selwyn the Wit," has no hesitation in hinting that he has no great admiration for his hero's gift of *repartee*. It is but fair to Selwyn to state that the title of wit was not of his seeking. "I could never get an admirer of my erudition but Wraxall," he wrote; "of my wit I have indeed had plenty; that is, all the fools in Town, who never had any idea of what wit is, and to which I am sure I stand as clear of making any pretensions as anybody ever did. But if I had, would it be wonderful? When Lady Tweedale protests, I cannot speak but it is a *bon-mot*." Here is what Mr. Parnell Kerr calls "quite the best of Selwyn's *bon-mots*." A namesake of Charles James Fox having been hanged at Tyburn, "Did you attend the execution, George?" asked Fox. "No, Charles," drawled Selwyn, "I make a point of never attending rehearsals." It is not bad, and it probably is the best; but it and its fellows are not good enough for a man for whom his latest biographer claims the title, "The Last of the Wits." The last of the wits! As well call him the first of the wits, remembering that after him came Brummell and Alvanley, and, to mention no others, that pair of inimitable humorists, Sydney Smith and Henry Luttrell.

There are other aspects of Selwyn, who, if he was an indifferent wit, was a man of sense and also of sensibility; but for these the reader must be referred to Mr. Parnell Kerr's book, which is, indeed, much more than a biography, being, in fact, a social history of George Selwyn's times, entertainingly written by a man well versed in the annals of the period.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

ANATOLE FRANCE.*

The difficulty in reading any volume of short stories is to forget the last before reading the next. Where there is some unity in subject and treatment we pass from one story to another without effort: each story is after all only another chapter of the same book. It matters little whether the same characters reappear in a different scene or whether new characters appear against the same background, so long as there is some connecting link between one story and the next. Even unity of period is sufficient in default of any stronger common element. But in the case of a writer with such a range as Anatole France the more or less fortuitous assembling into one volume of stories in different styles, and probably never meant to be read together, results in something more like a collection of specimens than a harmonious whole. The change from one style to another is too abrupt. Each new story comes with all the shock of the unexpected: the reader's mind has no sooner settled down and accustomed itself to the atmosphere of the story than it is switched off, almost with a jerk, to a new subject, a new setting, and what is worse, a new manner. There is nothing to connect one tale with another, except the delicate finish and naïve irony which mark all M. France's work.

The story which gives its name to the book, as not infrequently happens with such miscellaneous collections, is one of the least characteristic and the least pleasing. It is in the "oriental" manner of M. France, in which he is apt to indulge in a certain brutality and even coarseness, most conspicuous in parts of "Thais," strangely out of harmony with the gentleness of "Sylvestre Bonnard." Perhaps it is a reaction from the ultra-civilisation of the world depicted in "Le Lys Rouge" and a reminder that no civilisation can entirely eradicate man's primeval instincts. "The Curé's Mignonette" is a delightful apologue in the vein so often inspired by M. France's hagiological studies. In "Monsieur Pigeonneau" we come to Paris, to the intellectual and fashionable world which the author depicts with such perfect irony and exquisite truthfulness of detail. M. Pigeonneau is a *savant*, an archæologist who confesses with shame that at one time he nearly sank to writing mere history. At the Institute he is reading a monograph "On the Toilet of an Egyptian Lady of the Middle Empire," when suddenly he finds himself deserting his manuscript and to his horror compelled by some mysterious force to improvise. He finds himself rhapsodising on the toilet of women in the course of the ages, and only learns afterwards that this purple patch, which creates a *succès fou*, has been suggested by hypnotic influence. "Lilith" is a daring but successful essay in the supernatural, and ends with the pathetic prayer of the soulless but immortal woman. "My God, promise me death, so that I may taste of life. My God, give me remorse, so that I may at last find happiness. My God, make me the equal of the daughters of Eve."

"Læta Acilia" is an audacious and brilliant sketch in the style afterwards developed in "Sur la Pierre Blanche." It is slighter but fully as penetrating as "Le Procurateur de Judée." "The Red Egg" is an essay in the *macabre* in which M. France comes little short of Maupassant at his grimmest. Here Mrs. John Lane's translation, otherwise admirable, by its extreme fidelity to the original seems to miss the full effect of the French. The doctor has just concluded his horrible narrative, and turning to his friend says, "Oui, je prendrai bien un petit verre de cognac." Surely the intention here is that the commonplaceness of the request, by emphasising the doctor's professional indifference to the horror he has just narrated, should throw into relief the grimness of the tragedy. Mrs. Lane translates this literally, "I should be glad of a little brandy." In a country where brandy is often used medicinally, and is not drunk so much as in France, this suggests that the speaker was so much moved by his story as to want a restorative. At the risk of seeming hypercritical we would suggest some such rendering as "Yes, I think I will have a small whiskey" conveys the effect better. It is after all a small point, but Mrs. Lane has discharged a difficult task so exceedingly well that the suggestion seemed worth making.

The second half of the book is taken by "Honey-Bee," a charming apologue, a sort of fairy tale for "grown-ups" which defies analysis. It is full of delightful touches, and Honey-Bee herself is a fascinating creation. "Balthasar," as we have said, lacks balance, but it shows that M. France has few equals as a master of that most difficult of mediums, the short story.

* "Balthasar." By Anatole France. Translated by Mrs. John Lane. 6s. (John Lane.)

DICKENS ON THE STAGE.*

It is conceivable that an actor who happened also to be

* "An Actor's Story." By Bransby Williams, Actor, Mimic and Character Impersonator. With numerous Portraits and other Illustrations. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Photo by Campbell-Gray, Ltd.

Bransby Williams as "Scrooge."

From "An Actor's Story," by Bransby Williams. (Chapman & Hall.)

a passably great man, or even a minor philosopher, could forge out of the world-wide experiences of the modern player something in the nature of a worthy volume. Miss Ellen Terry almost accomplished the feat in her recent work "My Book," and there is at least vital matter enough in Mr. Bransby Williams's "Story" to redeem it from sheer fatuity and to excuse its publication. Perhaps the most significant thing about Mr. Williams is the way in which he has helped to popularise the characters of Charles Dickens in the music-halls. There is a belief that moving pictures and skating rinks will undermine the music-hall business in the immediate future: anyhow, we trust that in the process of competitive winnowing the noxious chaff will be swept away, and that the good grain which is a growing quantity in the variety entertainments of the day will remain. The work of Mr. Bransby Williams is among the best of that grain: and he deserves our thanks for "holding aloft the banner of the ideal," for fighting the excellent fight of wholesome entertainment and literary flavour in unlikely places. His task may have been humbler than he imagines: but, after all, the variety palace has been for ten years past and remains the most attractive indoor amusement resort with the masses of our urban population, and Mr. Williams has some feeling for letters and a high instinct for character. If we must have snippets, it is well that they be selected with judgment; if Dickens characterisations at the halls, that they be capably done. Mr. Williams's work will stand both these tests. He is an enthusiastic but discriminating Dickensian, and an actor of power and personality. He graduated as a burnt-cork artist, then became a legitimate actor and later on won some success as an imitator of other actors.

When first he suggested Dickens items to the music-hall agents, they grinned openly at the idea: but, after the scheme had been accepted gratefully by the public, the leaders of the "profession" joined with Mr. Williams in giving a special Dickens matinée at the King's Head, Chigwell—the old Maypole Inn of "Barnaby Rudge." Scores of other persons, he declares, have copied Mr. Williams's repertory, which includes several "creations" that cost him years of preparation. "There are at the present time," he says, "sixteen men and one woman who impersonate Dickens characters. In 1896 I was the only actor presenting Dickens on the stage." He had staged his monologue of Sydney Carton before Mr. Martin Harvey made his appearance in "The Only Way," the most successful Dickens adaptation ever presented.

Mr. Williams has played almost every character of note in the Dickens novels. The Old Grandfather from "The Curiosity Shop"—made up after Fred Barnard's picture—was, and is, he thinks, his most popular impersonation. "This character," remarks Mr. Williams, "has been a great tear extractor from audiences in England, Ireland, Scotland, and America." We fancy Dickens would have enjoyed this sentence. Mr. Williams played Poor Jo from "Bleak House" once only, for it upset not only himself and Mr. Dan Leno, but the very stage hands. Mantalini is an utter failure before the footlights. The broader and more sympathetic studies seem to please the great public most: and this no doubt is what Dickens himself would have wished.

W. F. P.

THREE GREAT PAINTERS.*

The publication at the same time of charming volumes reproducing the work of such unlike workers as Raphael Santi and Edward Burne-Jones provokes comparison. Unlike in age and aim, and yet for each a thread of similar descent. The man of Urbino and the man of Birmingham both took their inspiration from that Tuscan temperament which has left its earliest record on the tomb-walls of Corneto and Cervetri. Both, like the former's master, Perugino, were filled, in the first place, with a mystic sense of human beauty to which the Greek was a stranger. Raphael, when as a very young man he painted the "Vision of a Knight" (given in this volume), was in the same mood as the painter of "The Dream of Launcelot." And if worldly success, and the dictates of the theologic conscience, soon led the former far away from that dream-world to be a painter in the Church's honour, none the less he never wholly lost that earlier and undidactic mystery which lingers in the faces of the best of his Madonnas, that were done for love. Whereas, on the other hand, the Englishman, long derided and denied, proceeded on that first path further and further from the actual world, until one day he woke up to find the world was gazing at him and wondering how he got there. And perhaps this pupil of Botticelli and Rossetti could himself have hardly answered: what he had done was so much the work of genius which "does what it must." However, we, looking now at it, see that it was but Tuscan beauty seen through Celtic glasses, as the work of Raphael was but the same beauty seen through the glasses of a false Renaissance. But as to the value of Burne-Jones's work as art, pure and simple, opinions differ. Its amateurish technique condemns it hopelessly in some eyes: its monotony of still gesture wearying others. Yet when all is said, none can deny that this man did create a type of beauty, whether that type be a permanently worthy one or not. And creators of types are rare.

* "Raphael." Photographic Reproductions. With a Biographical Study by Edgcumbe Staley. 5s. net. (George Newnes and Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Sir Edward Burne-Jones." Photographic Reproductions. With a Biographical Study by Malcolm Bell. 5s. net. (George Newnes and Hodder & Stoughton.)—"Burne-Jones." By A. Lys Baldry. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)—"Holbein." By S. L. Bensusan. 1s. 6d. net. (T. C. & E. C. Jack.)

The little book on Holbein is another member of the "Masterpieces in Colour" Series; and a very good one. Mr. Bensusan, the writer of the text, has touched his subject skilfully and lightly. But it is one not needing much analysis. Holbein was a worker in the Teutonic mood in its steadiest and soundest. Fancy had little part in him; even the masterly series of wood-engravings known as the "Dance of Death" are but grim works of sober imagination of which the homely note is "long drawn out." It was his quality of technique alone which parted him from his forerunners, from Dürer, Cranach and the rest of them. But what a technique, both in draughtsmanship and colour! This man of Augsburg seems to have flung off with a smile of strength the puerilities and quaint defects of those before him; and at one stroke to have done the best that can be done, leaving nothing for others to discover. He was perfection. We can only wonder that his success in London town was not greater than it was, and that commissions did not crowd upon him. We wonder also how it was that pupils did not gather round him down in Chelsea, and why for a hundred years, until the coming of another master of portraiture from foreign shores, no Englishman essayed to learn that lucrative profession. From Holbein to Vandyke our art was yet a blank. But it was lucky for us that the former came among us, or we might never have known how the best Englishmen of Tudor days did really look. The plates in this little volume give a very fair sense of the vigour and taste of Holbein's work.

Perhaps those in the companion volume are scarcely so satisfactory, their sentiment being a thing that needs a somewhat softer treatment than the printer's. But the text of the book is all that could be wished.

ARTHUR LEWIS.

A FRENCH PEER OF THE RESTORATION.*

The Baron de Frénilly commenced to write these Recollections in Rome in 1837 "because it was raining" and because he was tired of a great work on Parliamentary government in England which he had commenced but never completed. He disclaims any intention of writing history, and we are glad, because his personal and garrulous style is exactly fitted to the task of conversational reminiscence. No pretentious judicialism or attempted pomp of style will prevent him from writing as freely as he talked; his prejudices have free vent, and we know what he thought, and what a man of aristocratic sympathies really felt during the tremendous decade which closed the eighteenth century in France. Not that Frénilly was of the old aristocracy. His father was Receiver-General of Poitou, and his mother the niece and heiress of St. Waast, Administrator-General of Crown Lands, so that Frénilly belonged to the highest ranks of the middle-class, the official caste which grew rich on the plunder of the public funds. The Revolution made a clean sweep of them and of their perquisites, and naturally Frénilly hated all connected with it, from the philosophers whose ideas undermined the old system to the *sans-culottes* whose butchery and violence he witnessed in the streets of Paris. He gives us a picture of Paris as it was before the deluge, of society brilliant and extravagant playing with the new ideas, quoting the cynicisms of Voltaire and worshipping the sentiment and sensibility of Rousseau. As a boy he was sent to visit Voltaire when the aged poet made his triumphant visit to Paris, and found a tall skeleton buried in a large armchair and wearing a huge bearskin cap. "Oh! what a pretty child," said the philosopher, and ordered an enormous Savoy biscuit to be brought. In 1780 he gives a curious example of Rousseau's influence: "I also saw another fashion started at these suppers, one peculiar to ladies; that of having their babies brought into the midst of thirty people, and of suckling them in a corner of the *salon*—poor victims of Rousseau who, instead of suckling at the breast of a sturdy peasant, were made to take the heated milk of their sensitive mothers.' We see also how popular with the upper class were the beginnings of revolution. D'Esprésmesnil, Carlyle's "magnetic D'Esprésmesnil with his tropical heat," dines with St. Waast after making one of his great orations in the Parliament and "a general cry of admiration greets him" as he enters. When the States-General assemble the deputies are the lions of the hour in Paris, and even when the first horrors began people only said "the revolution is a child; it will grow up." But Frénilly declared "it will grow into a monster." He enlisted in the National Guards, in one of the loyalist battalions, and was on duty at the Tuileries on that fateful August 10, 1792, when Louis hesitated between allowing his Swiss and his guards to fight, and a retreat to the Assembly. The most valuable sidelight on history in the book is Frénilly's vivid account of this day. He declares that if the king had chosen to fight he would have won, and it may be remembered that Napoleon, who was an onlooker, thought so too. It is generally supposed that Louis was impressed by his cold reception when he reviewed the Guards, but Frénilly gives this account:

> "I can still see the unfortunate prince passing in front of us; silent and careworn as he slouched along, and seeming to say, 'All is lost.' Well might the little group that surrounded him cry: 'Gentlemen, long live the King!' We had been ordered to observe silence when under arms, and we obeyed when we ought to have disobeyed."

"What a discouraging review it was," he comments, "for men who merely asked for a master and a guide!" But Louis had lost all mastery and all power of guidance. During the Terror Frénilly lived for the most part at Loches, though he visited Paris, and saw many horrors. He describes a Feast of Reason at the provincial town of Cosne-sur-Loire, at which he was present as a supposed Jacobin. The hostess of his inn was the handsomest woman in the town, and was compelled to represent the goddess Reason; Frénilly insured his own safety by presenting two barrels of wine, and at the feast itself only men were present. All stood up and everything was eaten with the fingers, while the wine was passed round in pitchers with such frequency that half the feasters were drunk in an hour. Afterwards came speeches and songs: "then came the resolutions, including one that the fête should be concluded by requisitioning all the prostitutes in Cosne." To such an end did the worship of Reason lead. He notes also the effect of the Maximum, or law regulating the price of commodities in Paris; "all merchandise disappeared as though by magic. Nothing was either sold or bought except in secret; every purchase was a conspiracy." Yet outside the city the country-places were overflowing with the fruits of a splendid harvest.

Frénilly cultivated his garden under the Empire, but after the Restoration he became a personage in politics, being made a Councillor of State in 1824, and three years later a peer of France. It is amusing to note that he was one of seventy-six new creations. "It is true," says Frénilly, "that among these seventy-six new peers was to be found, apart from four or five names, the flower of France, as regards birth and fortune, intelligence and sound opinions. But this did not excuse them for the crime of being seventy-six." We may be grateful that in his old age he wrote down his recollections, which reveal so characteristic a French temperament and recall so many persons and events of interest to-day.

WALFORD D. GREEN.

* "Recollections of Baron de Frénilly, Peer of France (1768–1828)." Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Arthur Chuquet, Membre de l'Institut. Translated from the French by Frederic Lees, Officier de l'Instruction Publique. 10s. net. (Heinemann.)

SIDELIGHTS ON WAGNER.*

One infallible test of a great man is his power of arousing consternation and hostility in the solemn pontiffs of orthodoxy: that is the negative test; another, and equally infallible test is his power of arousing enthusiasm and the spirit of propaganda in ardent and hopeful souls: that is the positive test. One could adduce the whole aristocracy of art, science, and philosophy in proof of this, but the case of Wagner is particularly to the point, because he allegorises the hero's conflict and triumph in one of his dramas. The story is familiar, the application may be new. Mime, the dull, mechanical craftsman, possesses the pieces of the all-powerful sword Nothung; but he can do nothing with them—the steel of the gods is beyond his power to forge. Siegfried, the inspired child of nature, attempts to reshape the shattered weapon, and, in the act, violates every accepted rule of smithing, and extorts horrified protests from Mime's offended principles of armorial propriety. But Siegfried succeeds, and goes forth to apply his new weapon, type of new ideas. Presently he encounters quite unexpected opposition, in the shape of Wotan the god, who actually wills the work that Siegfried is to do, yet instinctively opposes the instrument—Wotan, type of the Liberalism or Whiggery that desires Reform (with a capital R), and resolutely opposes every reformer. A brief struggle shatters the spear of Whiggery (beautifully carved with principles that were valid several generations ago), and Siegfried passes on to his supreme adventure. He goes unscathed through Wotan's fire (it is only an alarmist fire—the work of Loge, god of Lies), and then finds some one who believes in him—Brunnhilde, once a Valkyrie, now a Woman. She at once sees in Siegfried the god-sent hero, and, thus inspired, casts all away, and saves the world from the curse of gold.

The artist, who illustrated in Siegfried the encounter of the initiator with hostility and with faith, exemplified the matter still further in his own life. Anti-Wagnerism became, as we know, a sort of mania; but we need not recall that now. Let us think rather of the loving enthusiasm and the missionary spirit evoked by his genius. The present volume tells us something of the achievements of one disciple, Angelo Neumann, best known in England as the bold adventurer who toured Europe with the "Ring," and staged it at Her Majesty's in 1882. The performances were given under the patronage of the present King, and Neumann bravely asserts that His Majesty thoroughly enjoyed himself, and showed special interest in the mermaids. Mapleson's version, by the way, is less optimistic. He says that hearing the "Ring" was the toughest work that the Prince had ever done, that H.R.H. took special umbrage at Wotan's habit of monologising for periods of an hour to a *forte* accompaniment of discords, and that, finally, intimation was given that the Royal patronage would be withdrawn if Wotan appeared in many more operas.

Apparently, it was Neumann's legs, and not his enthusiasm, that first attracted Wagner's notice. At any rate, Weissheimer solemnly records the master's amusement at the spectacle of those lengthy limbs encased in interminable white tights at a performance of "Don Giovanni" as far back as 1862. During the 'seventies, Neumann played minor baritone parts at Vienna, and was greatly impressed by Wagner's rehearsals there of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin." He notes the wonderful histrionic gift that enabled Wagner to efface his own personality, and assume in a moment the central character of each scene: now he would be the Landgrave and Elizabeth receiving the nobles in the Hall of Song, then he would become one of the guests, then he would be Tannhäuser shuddering at his own blasphemy, and then, instantly, Elizabeth, standing in exalted purity, with hands clasped, and eyes raised in fervent appeal. So, too, he played successively all the parts in "Lohengrin," arousing in orchestra, chorus, and soloists such enthusiasm that they crowded round to carry him shoulder-high.

The main story of the volume begins when Neumann became director of the Leipsic Opera in 1876—the year of the "Ring" at Bayreuth. Neumann at once made an attempt to transfer the whole work bodily to Leipsic, but two years passed before his aspiration became a fact, and then Leipsic proved that a prophet is sometimes honoured even in his natal city. Berlin was next conquered, and then came Neumann's departure from Leipsic, and the formation of the touring company that gave him wider fame. Limited space forbids quotation of the many stories and personal touches that enliven these chatty pages. To concert-goers of to-day one of the most interesting passages is that which describes the sudden stride to the front of a very dark horse, a young Hungarian, second violin at the Vienna opera, who, brought to Leipsic as chorus-master by Neumann, proved invaluable at rehearsals for the "Ring," because he knew the parts better than the singers themselves, and, seated at the piano without score, could prompt them with words as well as music. At a rehearsal of "Tannhäuser" he even ventured into the conductor's seat, whereat the orchestra struck, thinking that the young fellow was presuming too far. However, they were persuaded to let him try. This was the result:

> "Not only did the conductor prove his mettle, but the men again proved their discernment and the matchless spirit of musical enthusiasm that animated them. The success of this young leader in that overture was so unqualified, that the musicians themselves begged him with a storm of cheers and congratulations to continue the rehearsals at once; and with this performance of 'Tannhäuser' Arthur Nikisch entered the ranks of the foremost conductors of Germany."

Other familiar names appear—Richter and Seidl, Sucher and Materna—and one old friend, Vogl, is seen in a new light. Being a Doctor of Laws, as well as a beautiful tenor, he successfully resisted a fine for lateness at a performance, because the notice said, not "We order you," but "We beg you," and was thus permissive, not compulsory!

One word more. I have no desire to enter the great Shakespeare controversy; but I should like to recommend this book, with its many contracts, agreements, etc., to the attention of those who believe that the known fact of William Shakespeare's keen eye for business is incompatible with his alleged authorship of the plays. Here we have Richard Wagner—at once musician, poet, dramatist, philosopher, and revolutionist, supreme in one manifestation and highly important in the others—we have, I say, this man, with his five-fold claim to be above the drudging details of business, proving himself to be not only a highly practical stage-manager and producer of plays, but, in addition, a keen business man, with the clearest eye for the strength or weakness of a contract, quick to detect the least ambiguity of phrase, firm in his insistence on the express fulfilment of conditions, and punctual in his monetary demands and payments. Here, indeed, was a man capable of writing "Hamlet," of playing the Ghost very thrillingly, and of going out between the scenes to count the money taken at the doors!

I hope I have said enough to rouse the reader's interest in this volume of agreeable and enlightening chatter. By the way, there are eccentricities of spelling that should have been restrained, and one entry in the index is very precious: "Eschenbach, von, as Wolfram." This, I suppose, must be the German equivalent to "Richard's himself again."

GEORGE SAMPSON.

* "Personal Recollections of Wagner." By Angelo Neumann. Translated by Edith Livermore. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable & Co.)

Novel Notes.

MR. OPP. By Alice Hegan Rice. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One thing more difficult than the writing of so delightful and deservedly popular a book as "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" was the writing of another book that should not only be admittedly as good, but that should achieve an equal success. So far as one can see, Mrs. Rice has done this; indeed, in the story itself she has done more than this, for "Mr. Opp" is in some respects a riper and more notable piece of work than "Mrs. Wiggs," and it will be strange if the world that welcomed the one does not welcome the other as heartily. Mr. Opp has none of Mrs. Wiggs's philosophy; he is quaint, kindly, lovable, middle-aged, and believes himself to be an amazingly good man of business, though he is nothing but an unpractical dreamer. "Out of an abnormal childhood, a lonely boyhood, and a failure-haunted manhood, he had managed to achieve an absorbing career. Each successive enterprise had loomed upon his horizon big with possibilities, and before it sank to oblivion, another scheme, portentous, significant, had filled its place. Life was a succession of crises, and through them he saw himself moving, now a shrewd merchant, now a professional man, again an author of note, but oftenest of all a promoter of great enterprises, a financier, a man of affairs." Usually he goes about bustling, self-important, innocently aggressive, but there are times when "the aggressive Mr. Opp of the gorgeous raiment and the seal ring, the important man of business, the ambitious financier, was in deadly combat with the insignificant Mr. Opp, he of the shirt-sleeves and the wilted pompadour, the delicate, sensitive, futile Mr. Opp who was incapable of everything but the laying down of his life for the sake of another." He wins the scorn of his brother, and is in general pitied for his foolishness, when he abandons his newest project in order to settle down and keep a home for his imbecile half-sister sooner than send her away into an asylum; he devotes himself unselfishly to her happiness, dresses her dolls for her, quiets her fears when she is troubled with delusions, is always at her beck and call. He has his dream of love too, a brief, blissful madness, and wakens out of that paradise and bears his disappointment bravely. Mrs. Rice writes, as one has come to expect her to, with an exquisite sympathy and tenderness and an abundant gift of humour, making of Mr. Opp an odd, rememberable figure that you follow with laughter and pleasant tears and growing affection, and of his erratic career a story that, like his own plucky, sturdy, hopeful whistling, "calls to arms the courage that lies slumbering in the hearts of men."

LOVE AND BATTLES. By Frank Sidgwick. 6s. (Melrose.)

Mr. Andrew Melrose's prize competition has served to introduce at least two new writers of great promise. Miss Jacomb's "The Faith of his Fathers," which won the prize, was a really remarkable first novel, the second place was taken by Mr. A. Gowans Whyte's "A Comedy of Ambition," which we have not yet read, and the book mentioned above came third. Mr. Sidgwick's work is a light comedy of much distinction, and, in a way, originality, for at the end of the book the hero is not married. There is no real plot. Mr. Sidgwick merely traces the development of the character of Anthony Bargrave—a very human young man. We are first introduced to the hero at school at Rugby, his numerous flirtations and love affairs are described, and we leave him somewhat abruptly at the age of twenty-six, in spite of his experiences still natural and unspoilt. Although the book is not well constructed—far too much space, for instance, being given at the beginning to a puzzling and unnecessary family "tree"—the interest is well maintained. The hero charms by his very humanity and naturalness, but his two men friends, though more conventional, are really more attractive characters. Altogether, this is an unusual first novel and a painstaking piece of work.

Photo by Royal Central Photo Co., Salisbury. **Rosamond Napier.**

THE HEART OF A GYPSY. By Rosamond Napier. 6s. (Duckworth).

There are at least a half-dozen characters in "The Heart of a Gypsy" that are drawn to the life and with uncommon ability; but more vital than the others, more intimate and more vivid, are the two girls, Bunny Thompson and her innocently wild, imaginative adopted sister, Meridiana. Mr. Thompson is a country parson, dreamy, shiftless, poor; in his kindly, easy-going fashion he would allow the gypsies to encamp on his ground every year, and before they departed they would make him a present of a rug, a basket-chair, or some such small token of their gratitude; but one year they left a little swarthy baby behind for him, and he and his wife adopted it, and brought it up with their own. Soon after the story opens, Cyprian Fielding, an overworked doctor, arrives in the neighbourhood of the Thompsons for a much-needed holiday, and falls at once into the delightful society of the breezy, slangy, quaintly stammering Bunny and the child-hearted strangely fascinating Meridiana. It is this latter who attracts him from the first; a quick understanding springs up between them, and he wins her love, but cannot withdraw her from a certain uncanny influence that has been over her since the time of her birth, and it is this influence that at last brings all their happiness to an end that is not happy. The story is well imagined and admirably written; we do not remember to have read anything of Miss Napier's before, and if this is a first book it is a remarkably good one.

AN INCOMPLETE ETONIAN. By Frank Danby. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The title of "An Incomplete Etonian" is too small for the book—too small, at all events, to cover the character of Sebastian Rendall, whom it is intended to describe. Sebastian is the only son of ill-matched parents. His mother, the daughter of a famous man of letters, a great

stylist, is proud of her descent; is herself a successful novelist, and cherishes a belief that the son inherits her father's high intellectual gifts. Left an orphan whilst still in her teens, she had married David Rendall, a man of a fine nobility of character, many years older than herself, partner in a prosperous old firm of paper manufacturers. She is self-centred, out of sympathy with a husband she had never been in love with, and jealous of the fact that he and their brilliant son in some strange fashion understand each other, for she loves Sebastian passionately and has the highest hopes for his future. On his part, Sebastian amply returns their affections and is eager to fulfil his mother's most daring ambitions for him. Nevertheless, convinced that he is not receiving fair treatment at school he disappoints his mother by refusing to finish his course at Eton and to go to Oxford. He is bent upon travelling abroad and completing his education in his own way; then with a sudden realisation that his father is patiently, uncomplainingly wearing his life out with the hard work of keeping him and his mother in luxury, he promptly resolves to turn his back on all her finer schemes for him and join his father in his business. This decision amazes both of them; the father, then lying ill, is delighted at his choice, but tries to dissuade him for his mother's sake, and his mother, who has always looked down on the business, opposes it with all her strength; but Sebastian, seeing his duty and being of the right stuff, resolutely takes his own way. In the end, after the father's death, she comes to see that he did what was right, and is prouder of him than if he had followed the selecter route she had planned for him; but in the interval he has seen much of life, has sown certain wild oats, made an unfortunate marriage, blundered and brought his business to the verge of ruin, been disillusioned in many ways, grown wiser in many, and his mother has found in a sturdy, self-made millionaire newspaper proprietor a man she can love at last. The story is admirably written, and the characters drawn with insight and with real creative power. It has pathos and humour, a truth to life and a kindly outlook upon humanity that make it the strongest and most enjoyable novel that Mrs. Frankau has yet given us.

WHEN A WOMAN WOOS. By Charles Marriott. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Mr. Charles Marriott writes so well that he can make the dullest story interesting, and this wooing of Audrey Tregarthan is drab enough in all conscience. The Tregarthans are an ordinary middle-class family living at Lew Alston in North Devon, and their adventures, sordid, pathetically sordid, are described with amazing fidelity. Audrey Tregarthan, the heroine, a daily governess, has a sentimental, weak-willed cashier in a bank for her father, and a coarse-fibred woman who indulges in secret drinking for her mother. Two younger brothers, and a commonplace sister of seventeen, make up the family circle. Audrey is not only loyal to these unsatisfactory people, which is the way with the average elder daughter in such homes, she is also romantic, and her falling in love with Dr. George Fielding (a stranger at Lew Alston, who has just rented a bungalow near the town for peace and quiet study), and her stolen interviews and unexpected methods of courtship, are far from the ways of daily governesses. However, the Tregarthans interest us more than the wooing. The study of Mrs. Tregarthan's painful habits, Tregarthan's pitiful intrigue, and the tragedy which gives the story the desired "happy ending," are placed before us with power and insight. The minor characters—Mrs. Helme, with her expansive good nature; Mr. Quick, the great man of Lew Alston; Mrs. Quick, deadly ill, but patient and sensible; and Fielding's sister—are all well done. If Mr. Marriott does not fulfil the promise of that remarkable book, "The Column," he maintains a standard of writing free from all slipshod English—a matter for gratitude, at least.

Photo by Ellis & Walery.

"Frank Danby."
(Mrs. Julia Frankau.)

LITTLE DEVIL DOUBT. By Oliver Onions. 6s. (Murray.)

There is a very serious intention behind the humour and brilliance of Mr. Onions's book. It is avowedly propagandist in motive, indeed one might almost call it a tract written around the text *Damn Forster*, the favourite anathema of one Grier, an old stone-polisher—Forster being the gentleman responsible in the main for most of the phenomena now occurring in our midst whose causes can be traced back to the spread of cheap education. The phenomena that alarm Mr. Onions most would seem to be the cheap and vulgar newspaper, coupled with the constantly increasing tendency among wealthy newspaper proprietors to build up a conglomeration of many such journals, each and every one booming the rest by means of advertisements, brazen or insidious, each appealing to the lowest instincts of its own particular public, all together strangling Art, Literature, and whatever true feeling for the beautiful this nation may once have possessed. George Mildmay, himself a product of Mr. Forster's system of cheap education, passes from a higher grade provincial board school to the service of a local book-binder and lithographer, thence, with a scholarship, to the National Art Training Schools, and from thence again to the battle of life. It is due to some inherent fineness in George himself that we last see him holding his own, scarred, but sound. He goes through the mill of modern journalism, witnessing, wonderingly at first, then cynically, the vulgarisation of Art and Letters. By faith, and the example of one or two brave spirits, writers and artists, who preserve their allegiance to the old ideals through the darkest hours, a faint spirit of optimism is born in George, who has always hoped that the very rottenness of the national canker would bring about its own destruction in the end. His firm live by vulgarity and sensation, and George is continually suggesting schemes still more vulgar and more sensational, all of which are acted upon. There must be

Photo by Russell & Sons. **Mr. G. S. Layard.**

a limit to the public endurance somewhere, and, when it is reached, down will come Little Devil Doubt and all his train. We think, or hope, that Mr. Onions exaggerates the evil just a little. The public to which sensational journalism makes its appeal is not proved to be a public lured away from the contemplation of better and higher things. It is largely a new public, a product, maybe, of cheap education, discovered by the new journalist. Its worship of "Little Devil Doubt" marks but a stage in its evolution. It is possible, and very much to be hoped, that it will pass to the other and better things in time.

WAX. By George Somes Layard. 6s. (Allen.)

Mr. Layard's earlier chapters rouse high hopes. We are introduced to Christabel Lovett-Brown, a charming *ingénue*, to an attractive hero and to a life-like villain, Tressider, whose character is sketched in a bold and realistic manner. Christabel has been forced into an engagement with Sir Cornelius Santler—known as the "Tobacconet"—honest and straightforward but middle-aged and self-made. The book opens in Switzerland with Christabel falling in love with George Bellairs, who feels himself bound in honour to leave the field open for Sir Cornelius, and accordingly leaves for home. His conduct puzzles Christabel, who is too young to be aware of her own attractions. After an unpleasant experience with Tressider she too finds herself compelled by circumstances to return to England. On her arrival at Charing Cross, where she leaves the friends in whose company she has travelled, she finds London shrouded in a dense fog. Up to this point the book is an attractive and amusing comedy, but henceforward it degenerates into a nightmareish fantasia. First, Christabel loses her way in the fog and is compelled to spend the night alone in Madame Tussaud's, unknown to the attendants of that establishment. Then comes upon the scene an extraordinary young watchman, who has fallen in love with the "figger" of Mary Queen of Scots. Lastly, Bellairs, whom we had hitherto considered at least fairly sane, allows himself to be hypnotised by Tressider, with whom he is only slightly acquainted. Under the hypnotic influence he nearly ruins for ever his chances with Christabel, and all four of the chief characters are involved in trouble and difficulty. The end, of course, finds Christabel in the arms of Bellairs. We should have liked the book had the latter portions been at all credible; it is light, amusing, interestingly written, and it is a matter for regret that Mr. Layard should not have done better, after making such an excellent beginning.

THE ROYAL END. By Henry Harland. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

There is naturally a good deal of interest attached to the last book of the late Henry Harland. His work was always so delicate and so finished that it seemed possible that the publication of a posthumous book might do his memory some injustice. However, we are glad to say that "The Royal End" is quite worthy of its author—which is very high praise. It is not his best book, and the latter pages would probably have been very different had their author lived to revise them. But we can forgive their faults for the sake of the first two hundred pages, which are as bright and as witty as anything in "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" or "My Friend Prospero." The book is written in the later Harland manner, which we confess to preferring to that of the earlier books, and is a very dainty love story. There are only four characters of any importance, but each of them is really charming. One feels particularly sorry for the unhappy Bertram, who is a lovable young man, and deserving of a better fate. The action takes place in Italy—beloved by the author—and New England, and it is remarkable how the change of *locale* corresponds with the falling-off in the book. But there is much to be grateful for, and we recommend the book as likely to suit the taste of every one. It is sad to think that no more books will be forthcoming with Harland's name on the title-page, for in his own style he had no rivals.

THE STORY OF HAUKSGARTH FARM. By Emma Brooke. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

We believe this to be the tenth story of Miss Emma Brooke, and it is very welcome, for it is an admirable novel, and in due course should make an attractive play, which is apparently among the intentions of our authoress. There is refreshment alike of the emotional spirit and the literary sense in the work of Miss Brooke when we come across it among the mass of ill-planned and hastily written stories that prevail so increasingly. "The Story of Hauksgarth Farm" is well thought out and especially well written: given the characters of the actors the drama unfolded is natural and convincing. The effects seem to conceive and to develop themselves, and the narrative flows easily along like a broad, deep, and level-margined stream. It is a tale of middle-class Cambrian fell-folk and of the triumph of true love over romantic passion. The heroine, Silence Whinnery, is at once a fine type and a true woman; and the grim and oft-times tragic reticence of the Westmoreland farming class is strikingly suggested by Miss Brooke with an economy of means that is remarkable. Altogether "The Story of Hauksgarth Farm" is to be commended warmly as a conscientious, picturesque, and by no means uninspired piece of work. If all the novelists who are equally fertile always pleased us as much as Miss Brooke, the lot of the reviewer would be alleviated sensibly.

THE THREE BROTHERS. By Eden Phillpotts. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This strikes us as quite the best book Mr. Phillpotts has written. The three brothers are Vivian Baskerville, the yeoman, a mighty wrestler in his day; Nathan, the innkeeper, the most popular and best trusted man of the neighbourhood; and Humphrey, the recluse, marked by thought and feeling for melancholy. Vivian is good-

natured but without sense of reason or justice where his sons are concerned, and dies through a foolish over-taxing of his strength in old age. Nathan turns out to be a fraudulent trustee and a bankrupt, when after a lingering and painful death his affairs are investigated. Humphrey, who shows both courage and a large-hearted charity, and incurs violent hatred and contempt from his neighbours, remains the hero of this countryside drama. Mr. Phillpotts makes no attempt to win our sympathies for the rude people with whom the three brothers are concerned. Vivian's son Rupert, Heathman, the illegitimate son of Nathan, and Timothy Waite are honest hard-working young men of good character. Ned Baskerville, Vivian's eldest son, is merely a vain and idle youth of sensual habits, and Mark, Humphrey's only son, commits suicide when Cora Lintern throws him over for Ned. Cora, by the way, in spite of the strength of purpose and strong affection in her mother, and the manifest good intentions and plentiful human kindness of her father, is drawn quite without any redeeming good quality. She is hard, pitiless, utterly and basely selfish. Some of the more crusted characters, in especial Gollop, the parish clerk, Voysey, the vicarage gardener, and Jack Head, the rationalist and radical, are thoroughly unpleasant, but are very much alive and vastly entertaining. On the whole, for roughness of tongue and frankness of utterance these Dartmoor folks in "The Three Brothers" should be easily first in all England. Men and women alike bandy uncomplimentary opinions with brutal and disconcerting savagery. The most amusing thing in the story is the description of the Rev. Dennis Masterman's attempt to revive the old Christmas play of St. George. There is real fun here, and the humour, plentiful enough throughout the book, is more genial.

THE VICISSITUDES OF FLYNN. By Bart Kennedy. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

How much of autobiography there may be in "The Vicissitudes of Flynn" we shall not attempt to guess, but those who know anything of Mr. Bart Kennedy's career will be pretty certain that many of Flynn's experiences have been his own. Flynn comes to London and embarks upon an artistic career, and from the time when he puts up at the shabby lodgings in Lambeth and sets forth with his shoulders squared and his whole person wearing the air of "a pugilist out on business," bent upon offering some work to an editor, through all his struggles for fame and fortune, to the end when his vicissitudes are over and he is happy in a pleasant home of his own with wife and children about him, he holds your interest and your sympathy. It is all so probable, so natural, so lifelike. You see him harassed for want of cash; getting little bursts of good luck, gradually acquiring a reputation, so that if he dines for fourpence at Lockhart's one day, the next he is put to it to obtain a dress suit in order that he may make one of a favoured company invited to dine with a duchess; you find him, after his marriage, getting into difficulties over the furnishing of his house, worried with tradesmen's debts, meeting many strange good and bad men and women by the way, and learning a wide philosophy of life that makes his strong character only the mellower and more lovable. The pictures of life in London and in Paris are very vivid and varied, and the whole thing is written with a gusto and ripe humour that make the best and most entertaining of good reading.

THE MEMBER FOR EASTERBY. By James Blyth. 6s. (John Long.)

If only Mr. James Blyth knew as well what to leave out of his stories as he does what to put into them, in how much better case would he be as novelist! He has many of the qualities that go not merely towards the insurance of immediate popular interest, but toward the esteem of the more critical, and even to a continuing attraction. His stories are always readable; generally they are actual and alive; he has experience of the world; and if he is occasionally careless in his writing, his construction usually is good. His characters invariably suggest real people, if they are not quite real people as a rule; and often his scenic settings are well drawn and brilliantly arranged. But Mr. Blyth mars much of his work by an excessive freedom of description, which is unpleasant to persons of sensitive taste. Take the picture he gives us in "The Member for Easterby" (which is a rattling good novel, cast in the mould of melodrama and dealing with love, law, provincial politics, and blackmail) of the country wine-seller, Bloomfield. This astute and not too virtuous pillar of Easterby society is a creature of greediness, dirt, and pimples. That much Mr. Blyth makes plain legitimately, and it is necessary and desirable that we should understand it. But Mr. Blyth reverts time and again to Bloomfield's pimples and his public treatment of the same; and it is not nice. We mention this defect as a signal instance of a danger which Mr. Blyth should avoid. "The Member for Easterby" is a clever tale of how Millie Hipman and her husband and her former lover capture the money of Evan Evans, lawyer, banker, and Tory M.P., to his eventual downfall and flight from England. It is exciting, and in a mildly cynical way amusing. Mr. Blyth has written better books; and he will write still better. But this will serve.

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES. By L. M. Montgomery. 6s. (Pitman.)

It requires a genius (so it seems) to evolve a satisfactory child's character in a book for grown-ups. At least three-quarters of the children of whom we have read are either so priggish as entirely to alienate our sympathies or so precocious that we cannot believe they ever could have lived. To her credit be it said that Miss Montgomery has avoided the first of these pitfalls, but there can be no doubt she falls into the second. We cannot believe that such a child as Anne is possible; amusing she is, humorous, attractive, but lifelike—never. The book is a study of the growth of her character—from the age of eleven to thirteen at considerable length, from thirteen to seventeen with much less detail. The plot is simple. Anne is adopted by Matthew and Marilla Cuthbert—two delightful people—a brother and sister living on a farm in Prince Edward Island. She is educated by them, makes numerous friends among the neighbours' children, and at the end of the book is a school-teacher and the supporter of the lonely Marilla. By that time she is a fairly normal girl. We cannot help liking Anne; her story is full of entertainment—a story of the light, healthy, and amusing kind that deserves success and is pretty sure to win it.

Miss L. M. Montgomery.

JIMBO. By Algernon Blackwood. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Blackwood's story is a weird, pretty fantasy of childhood. A small boy who has been frightened by foolish stories is tossed by a bull, and lies for three hours in delirium. Mr. Blackwood sets himself to describe the horrors of these unconscious hours for the boy, the ghastly experiences of being shut up in a black house of fear, from which he only escapes by the self-sacrifice of the governess who had been responsible for terrifying him. The descriptions of this uncanny dream-interval, and the adventures of Jimbo, are done with extraordinary vividness. Mr. Blackwood has managed to reproduce, as few writers have succeeded in doing, the vague and yet definite terror of a child's delirium. His book is one of real distinction in the class of imaginative literature dealing with the mysteries of the ghost-world, especially as these are mixed up with the queer, pathetic dreams of a child's consciousness.

THE FEAR OF LIFE. By Gerald Maxwell. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Maxwell makes one of his medical characters define "the fear of life" as an obsession which may overtake either "people whose success has been out of proportion to the effort made to attain it, or those whose success falls below a reasonable estimate of what it should have been." The hero is one of the second class. He has a dread of the unknown, a fear of being unequal to his obligations. And this is due to his failure to obtain a post, even as an under-secretary, in the present Government. Joland, the sensitive, collapses under the chagrin of disappointment. It is aggravated by his engagement to a handsome young woman, for love has roused his ambitions. Mr. Maxwell analyses, with no small penetration, the mental breakdown of this very modern man. The proceedings of a mystic little society are introduced rather irrelevantly. It is impossible to be much interested in their pompous mystifications. But the love-interests of the book are cleverly woven together, and those who know Mr. Maxwell's previous work will realise that he has used the semi-medical motive for all that it was worth. Even with the drag of modern politics, this story keeps moving.

MARGERY PIGEON. By Jane Wardle. 6s. (Arnold.)

It is fairly safe to say that such an experience as that of Margery Pigeon is highly unusual. She is a young and passably beautiful barmaid, alone in the world but well able to take care of herself. Partly out of curiosity, partly from necessity, she answers an advertisement addressing itself to barmaids. To her great surprise she is adopted by the eccentric and sharp-tongued, but kindly, Lady Pomphrey. Under this gentlewoman's tuition she poses as a long-lost Australian niece who has been orphaned by the recent death of a wealthy father. Lady Pomphrey's scheme is a heartless one—to "score off" her sister, Mrs. Foljambe, by marrying her ward to the particularly vapid poet, Michael Foljambe. Then, of course, the crash is to come; Mrs. Foljambe is to be informed that her son has married a barmaid. In justice to Lady Pomphrey, there is a good deal of excuse for her projected course of action. It is almost needless to say that the scheme does not work out in accordance with expectations. Indeed, it is Lady Pomphrey's own son who marries Margery—he had left his mother in a fit of pique some years before—while Michael marries another barmaid. In spite of the absurdity of the plot, the book is so clever as almost to convince one that such events are every-day. The author makes good use of her—or his—ability to draw lifelike characters, and her sense of humour is more to the fore than in her former works. The dialogue is amusing, and the gradual development of the plot very clever. Indeed, this is a novel that is both good reading and good literature.

The Bookman's Table.

PLAYS: THE SILVER BOX, JOY, STRIFE. By John Galsworthy. 6s. (Duckworth.)

Among the two or three acted dramatists who can be seriously regarded as artists and critics of life, Mr. John Galsworthy is as certain of his place as any. There is the force of a fine mind and a grave emotion behind every scene in his grey dramas that are so much sadder than tragedies. One, "The Silver Box," is called a comedy; "Joy" is "A Play on the letter 'I' in three acts"; "Strife" is a drama simply. All are criticism quite explicitly of life in the present century, and as a rule the dramatist has sacrificed the attraction of a familiar situation, however little staled. In "Strife," for example, the two chief characters are the chairman of tin-plate works on the Welsh border and the leader of the workmen on strike. The chairman is the only strong man of the company, and is prepared never to give way in the face of the men's starvation. The men's leader is equally determined on the other side. But both lose their support under the strain of a prolonged strike, and are humiliated at the end by a compromise which almost gives them something in common. It is a well-thought-out play, built up in such a way that on the stage it must present an unmistakable picture of a characteristic scene in modern life, and compel the sympathetic to grasp the main issues. A large number of characters are clearly and naturally defined by description and the progress of the dialogue. With entirely adequate acting it would be hard to detect its fault. In any case this is a fundamental one: it is not a fault, but a limitation, that of being the work of an artist who appears to begin with ideas and to take men and women next to embody them. There is hardly a speech to be found in his plays which shows intuitive knowledge of his characters; each has been carefully, honestly thought out, with an intellectual insight and an emotional sympathy, but not with that combination of the two which is essential to perfect imaginative and creative work. But this tone of cavil would be more appropriate if this were an age of giants of another stature than Mr. Galsworthy's. It certainly is not. He is one of our giants if intellectual honesty, moral weight, and artistic form count for anything.

FAIR WOMEN AT FONTAINEBLEAU. By Frank Hamel. 15s. net. (Nash.)

Though Miss Hamel adds nothing to our knowledge of her heroines, we know of no other book which gives an adequate history of so many different famous women. In rather more than 400 pages the author gives a series of sketches of the most notorious of the mistresses and queens of the French monarchy and Empire. She deals with no less than twenty-two of these women—ranging from the Duchesse d'Étampes and Diane de Poitiers to the Empress Josephine and Helena of Mecklenburg. It was a good idea to take the beautiful Fontainebleau, where, as the author says, "woman is always welcome," as a background. The book, though in no sense a guide, may perhaps serve to attract a few more travellers to the second *château* of France, and if it does so it will have done well. Miss Hamel's style of writing is straightforward and direct, and makes for good and easy reading. It would have been easy to treat her subject in an unduly "piquant" manner, but this has been cleverly avoided, to the great gain of the book both in pleasantness and good taste. The sketches are not perhaps very edifying, but they are interesting, readable, and accurate. The nine illustrations make us wish that author or publisher had given us more. Altogether this is a book which deserves a large measure of popularity.

A SECOND BOOK OF DRAWINGS. By James Guthrie. 2s. 6d. (T. N. Foulis.)

Very charming is the sentiment of Mr. Guthrie's drawings: so charming that one is inclined to overlook his occasional failure as a draughtsman. The foot of the kneeling child, the arm of the sower—if these in the least offend, it is but a small matter in the presence of imaginative work so tender. His little angel at the door, knocking, yet fearing, with chin in hand, for the hearts of those within who may drive her, for a beggar, away, is one of the sweetest of little sermons in black and white conceivable. Good also is the picture of an old piece of Cyclopean masonry, the site perchance of some long-lost Etruscan city, above and about which grow the groves of ilex and arbutus and the thick sward of spring. Two lone trees on a seaward waste; a "Castle in Spain," lifted above a watery gorge of woodland into the clear whitening light; and the added beauty that a landscape takes by being seen through the framework of an opening in the woods, or the width of an old barn-door—all these fair pleasures Mr. Guthrie gives us, with the wish for more and more. This wish is further quickened by such dreamful themes as "The Fall of the Leaf" and "Lenore." In these, although the prints themselves from a technical point of view do not seem to have been quite as successful as they might, is all that eerie wistfulness of "faery lands forlorn" which is of the mystic West alone and the feeling folk who dwell there. To all of them in whose veins flows a portion of that sensibility to which soft airs and mists and weeping trees administer, these drawings will be precious; they will be glad that such work is being done by some soul secret and withdrawn from our mechanic ways.

THE ENGLISH CASTLES. By Edmund B. d'Auvergne 6s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

An addition to the already well-known Cathedral Series, "The English Castles" promises to embody the results of deep research, careful compilation, and the latest discoveries in the particular branch of archæology to which it belongs. The work amply fulfils this promise, being a comprehensive treatise on our castles, dealt with from both the architectural and historical points of view. The author has handled his subject in a masterly fashion, displaying his knowledge in a form acceptable to the expert as well as to the general reader. He adheres strictly to stubborn fact, discarding reluctantly at times, perhaps, the more picturesque traditions which have no basis in truth. The book is divided into sections dealing respectively with citadels, Norman and pre-Norman castles, castles of the Angevin period, Edwardian castles and Palace castles, a chronological arrangement preferable to the topographical order sometimes used which results in bringing into proximity descriptions of buildings as dissimilar as the Tower Bridge and the Egyptian pyramids. Research based on appearance and style of masonry often proves misleading, and Mr. d'Auvergne has supplemented observation by data obtained from an exhaustive examination of all available documents in the Record Office and elsewhere. He explodes the theory of the Saxon origin of our castles, and is the first to establish the date of the building of Scarborough Castle and to attribute Lancaster Keep to the time of King John, instead of the previous century as usually stated. The sections on licences to crenellate and on castle-guard are interesting reading, and the evolution of military architecture is explained in the introductory chapters. "The English Castles" should be in the hands of every one who intends to explore the majestic towers and ruins which have played an important part in the shaping of the destinies of England.

THE WELL OF ST. CLAIR. By Anatole France. Translated by Alfred Allinson. 6s. (John Lane.)

This is a volume of very unequal work. The prologue introduces one of M. France's most delightful clerics, Father Adone Doni, a thumbnail sketch inimitable in delicate finish and kindly irony. It is followed by "San Satiro," in which M. France assumes, as he loves to do, the personality of a mediæval monk, a simple, credulous, and guileless man. For it is a peculiarity of M. France's method that his irony is rarely direct, and his most profoundly ironical reflections are made by his simplest and naïvest characters. The aim of the story is to show in the form of a fairy tale, more than half allegory, how the old pagan beliefs lingered on long after the coming of Christianity until popular superstition incorporated them in the new religion. The same idea is developed more explicitly in "Pierre Nozière." Unfortunately the story, exquisite as its workmanship is, is disfigured by an occasional coarseness as inexcusable as it is inartistic. The rest of the first portion of the book is made up of short stories of the Italian renaissance, mostly adapted from Vasari. They are readable enough, but very slight in texture. "Buffalmacco" is merely an expansion and by no means an improvement on Vasari. But there is little in them which can be called genuinely Anatolian. The second part of the volume consists of "The Human Tragedy," in which M. France depicts the fate of a disciple of St. Francis who attempts literally and in the most utter simple-mindedness to put in practice the ideas of his great exemplar. It is intensely humanist but intensely pessimistic. It is frankly the gospel of disillusionment and despair. There is no hope: the saint surrenders to the devil: Schopenhauer and Nietzche are right: virtue is unnatural and in the last resort impossible. But, however much we may rebel against the pessimism of this conclusion, it is impossible to ignore the power of the satire with which it is enforced. M. France at least has always the courage of his convictions.

EXPERIENCES. By Katharine Tynan. 3s. 6d. net. (A. H. Bullen.)

Their perfect simplicity and careless spontaneity are half the charm of Katharine Tynan's lyrics; perhaps the other half is their wistful tenderness—the heart-beat you can feel in their most rememberable lines. They have neither the vagueness nor the wild melancholy that pervades the poetry that is supposed to be peculiarly Celtic; they are not without sadness—no good poetry is—they are touched with the sorrow of partings, with regret for happiness that is past, and hopes that have been given up, but only as all life is touched with such shadows, finding, as most life finds, not despair in them, but new light.

"Out of the blaze of sun I step
Into a darkness cool and deep,
The blessed shadow, black as night,
Dappled with dancing flecks of light.

"As to a river I step down,
Put off the languor as a gown,
Lace me in shade from head to feet;
Praise God who made the darkness sweet."

It is a slender book, this, written in divers moods; you pass from the lightest, slightest of lilting little songs to a strain of deep religious earnestness; from airy verses describing everyday out-of-door scenes, to throbbing stanzas that enshrine some sad or happy homely experience; lyrics that hold you with the quiet charm of their naturalness and sincerity no less than by their fancifulness and inherent music.

Notes on New Books.

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS.

The handsome gift which Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls are presenting to subscribers of the *Homiletic Review* is one of many excellences and uses. In a neat case are enclosed ten handy

volumes of **The World's Great Sermons,** sermons preached in many centuries and by men of all Christian creeds. The first volume of this collection ranges from Basil to Calvin—a wonderful period which includes, among others, Wyclif, Savonarola, Luther, Latimer, Melanchthon, and Knox—and the last volume from Gore to Jowett (not the late Master of Balliol, but the Congregational minister). The compilation has been made with broad-mindedness and sound judgment; it gives a wide range of thought and style, and it gives great help in small compass. For preachers or for laymen, for those who can have few books, and for those who are incapacitated from going to a place of worship, these volumes are admirable; and not the least part of their value lies in the presentment of the thoughts of past generations, thoughts of men who in their day had as strenuous a part to play as any we can conceive of now. For all moods and needs these little books contain help and food for thought.

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Mr. Cuming Walters has evidently searched seriously and sincerely, and with the right spirit, among books and countries, for traces of **The Lost Land of King Arthur**, and in his small volume (3s. 6d. net) has brought together little-known evidence and new details concerning the ever-fascinating personality of Arthur, that favourite of the romancists. Lyonesse, Tintagel, Cameliard, Camelot, Caerleon and Glastonbury have all yielded proofs of—what? Of the undying allurement of Arthur and his knights, whether real or fictitious. Mr. Cuming Walters has wandered into charming by-paths in his quest, "with Malory for guide," and convinces many of us, at any rate, all over again, that these "fairy-tales," as they are sometimes called, are the truest bits of history.

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL & CO.

A novel with many and varied attractions is **An Adventure in Exile,** by Richard Duffy (6s.). It is concerned with Americans and French men and women of the comparatively rich and wholly leisured class; and the scenes are laid in France—a village in Normandy, a French watering-place, Paris. The story is slight of the slightest, but it is deftly and cleverly told. Flirtations lie on the surface, sincere love lies underneath. It is a book the meaning of which is indicated by touches—a touch of worldliness, a touch of the idyllic, a touch of flippancy, a touch of seriousness. A book which we took up to scan, and laid down thoroughly read.

Mr. Alfred H. Miles has paid a graceful tribute to women in his new collection of poems, **Ballads of Brave Women** (1s. net, 1s. 6d. net), and he has provided yet another boon for the reciter. Tennyson, Edwin Arnold, Longfellow, Whittier, Cowper, William Morris, Hood, Adelaide Proctor, Emily Brontë (wrongly named Charlotte in the index), are among the well-known writers whose poems are included. Loyalty, self-sacrifice, courage, devotion, in times of war, peace, danger, and death, are represented in this little volume, and Mr. Miles proves himself in his own poems also to be a thorough appreciator and admirer of woman's heroism in all forms.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

In **Polly of the Circus,** by Margaret Mayo (3s. 6d.), we have yet another American story, a simple little tale which by its first chapters, simplicity notwithstanding, staggered us with the language of its young heroine—until we recognised the fact that we were reading American circus slang. The main theme deals with an engaging little circus orphan, who is fathered by two "rough diamonds of the caravan" and taught to be a circus star. Meeting with an accident, however, she is carried to the house of the bachelor minister of the town where the circus is performing, and the caravans have to move on to another town, leaving the girl behind. What occurs after that is the story. It was courageous of the authoress to make her pretty heroine's tongue shape such remarks as, speaking of a church she had been in while a caravan wheel was being mended, "Well, that bunch *we* butted into wouldn't give a Sells Brothers no cause for worry with that show a' theirn. Say, wasn't that the punkiest stunt that fellow in black was doin' on the platform?" and so on. The story itself is a slight, pretty idyll with a happy ending.

MESSRS. G. ROUTLEDGE & CO.

It is some time since Dickens attained the fame of having a whole dictionary to himself, or, rather, devoted to his works. The best we have yet seen, however, is the new one compiled by Mr. A. J. Philip (8s. 6d. net). It is a dictionary of scenes and characters, and it is remarkably full and clear (except that we have been bothered somewhat by his abbreviated titles), and in addition to that, it is extremely interesting. Mr. Philip has aimed at lucidity and conciseness; but in spite of the latter aim, he gives excellent notes respecting the more important persons and places, and information concerning the originals of the characters and places whenever possible. The compiling of such a dictionary must have been delightful labour—but there can be no doubt about the labour any more than about the delight. No library should be without this invaluable hand-book to Dickens-world.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Every Lamb-lover and embryo Lamb-lover will view with enthusiastic delight the new Oxford Edition of **The Works of Charles and Mary Lamb** (5s. net), which has been issued by the Oxford University Press. It has been ably edited by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson, M.A., himself an honest Lamb-lover, who has annotated and arranged the material with great care and fulness and discretion. The dark blue volume, so like in appearance the Oxford Books of English and French Verse, is beautifully produced on the famous Oxford India paper; in its handy form it contains two volumes in one; and it includes all that is known and all that has been recovered, with a few "relatively unimportant" copyright pieces excepted, of the prose and verse of Charles and Mary Lamb. It is a new benefit for the general reading public to have here brought together the little known poems and scattered writings of the brother and sister as well as their well-known works, and Mr. Hutchinson's full notes at the end of each volume are helpful and illuminating.

Messrs. Blackwood are issuing a very attractive edition of some of their most popular novels. Mr. Neil Munro's glamorous, humorous, young story, **The Daft Days,** and Mr. Storer Clouston's racy tale, **The Lunatic at Large** (1s. net each), are the first to be published. They are well bound in cloth, with a coloured illustration on the outside wrapper. The word "success" seems to be stamped upon them, too, to the mental eye.

Mr. Henry Frowde now includes George Eliot's **Scenes of Clerical Life** (1s. net) in his "World's Classics"; and Miss Annie Matheson has written a thoughtful and appreciative "Introduction" to it.

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The "Oxford Edition" of the poets deserves high and renewed praise as each volume is produced. The latest timely issue is **The Complete Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe** (2s.), edited from the original editions, with memoir, textual notes, and bibliography by Mr. R. Brimley Johnson. Three of Poe's Essays on Poetry are included in this edition, which is produced with the care and excellence for which the Oxford Press is famed. As a good, inexpensive, working edition it could not be bettered.

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